

**STARRING! STEEL STERLING! SERGEANT BOYLE!
BLACK HOOD! MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE!**

**NO.
7**

JACKPOT

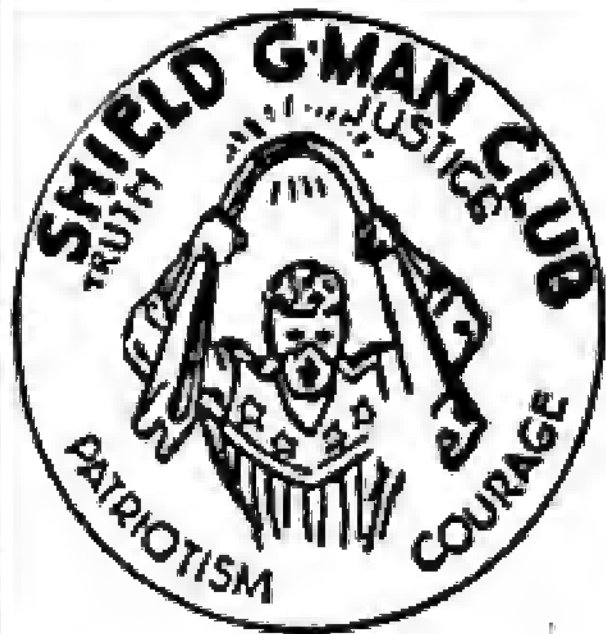
10¢

FALL ISSUE

comics



[illegible]



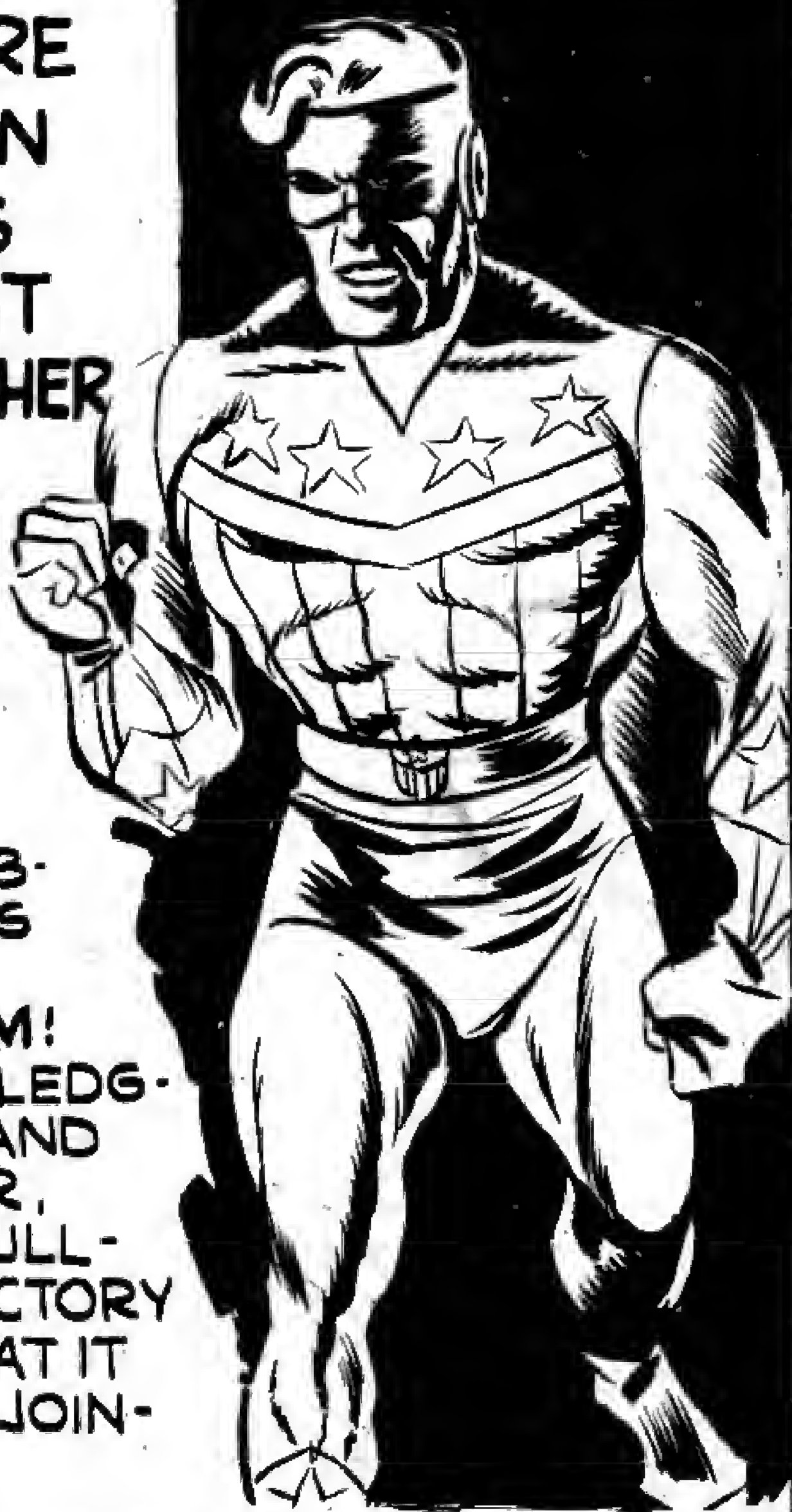
**WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER
!!!!**

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER, YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB**

IS

**JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**



JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

STEEL STERLING

Man of Steel

CALLING ALL
AMERICANS! DIS
IS YOUR BERLIN COR-
RESPONDENT, GIVING
YOUR FEEBLE UND
DECADENT GOV-
ERNMENT DEA
MERRY
HA/HA/

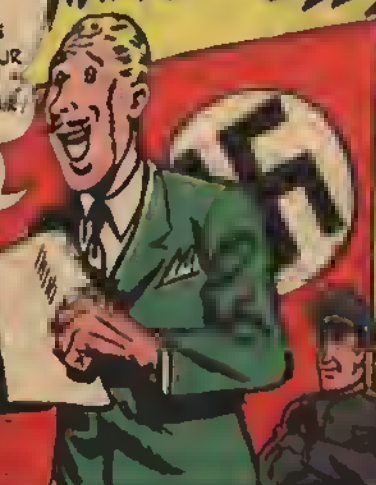
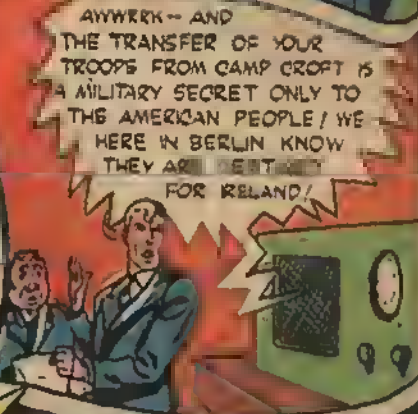
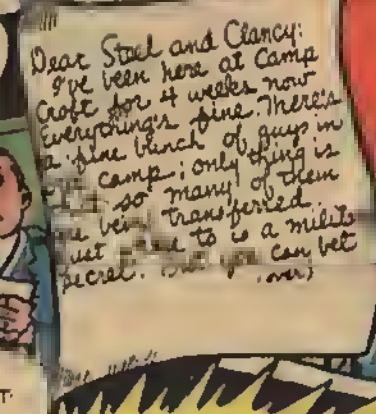
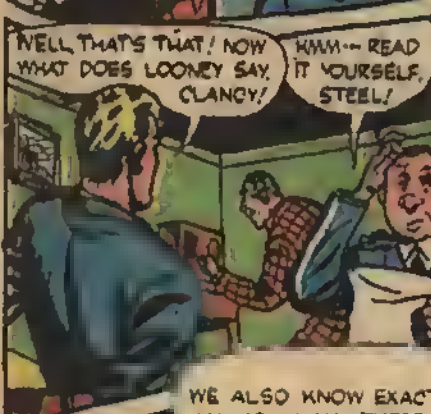
U.S.A.

PROPAGANDA!
WHEN THE BLOODY SAGA
OF THIS WAR IS WRITTEN
BY HISTORIANS, THIS IS
THE WORD THAT WILL
LOOM LARGE ACROSS ITS
PAGES. THIS, THE INSIDIOUS
WEAPON THAT WILL BE
INSCRIBED AS THE FORE-
RUNNER OF THUNDER-
ING NAZI LEGIONS.

HIVA, CLANCY.
HEY! WHAT'S
EATING YOU?

SNIF! WE JUST GOT
A LETTER FROM LOONEY
STEEL! GEE, HOW
I MISS THAT DOPE
EVER SINCE HE GOT
INTO THE ARMY!

THAT BIG JERK! HE GETS ALL
THE BREAKS! GETS INTO THE
ARMY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE
AND WHEN I TRY TO
ENLIST, THEY DE-
FER ME
'CAUSE I'M
A COP!



BOY! HOW I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT MERRY HA! HA! HE'S BEEN SHORT-HAVING THAT POISON AT US FOR A MONTH NOW!

YEAH! IT'S GETTIN' ON MY NERVES, TOO!

HELLO... YES! STEEL STERLING TALKING! WHO'S THAT? BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY?

YES!... CAN YOU COME OVER TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE STEEL?

BOY! THE GENERAL SOUNDED WORRIED! IT'S EVEN MONEY THIS IS TIED UP WITH THAT MERRY HA! HA! GUY!

11/8/78 THE WAY STERLING ZIPPED OUT OF THAT ROOM (PUFF) HE'S GOT HIMSELF A CASE (GASP) AND I'M GONNA WORK WITH HIM!

HEY, CABBIE! FOLLOW THAT GUY!

HELL GENERAL! HERE I AM!

GREAT CAESAR! SO SOON? WHY I HARDLY HUNG UP THE PHONE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN', CHUM? DIS IS A HACK! NOT A PURSUIT PLANE!

THIS IS JOSEPH MCGREGOR, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

THE BIG NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER?

WELL, FRANKLY! MCGREGOR, YOUR POLICY OF ISOLATIONISM AND DEFEATISM HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN HELPFUL TO MORALE!

OH, THAT! IT'S PURELY THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, STERLING! NO ONE LOVES HIS COUNTRY MORE THAN MYSELF!

AND MY POLICY IS CAUTION, NOT DEFEATISM! WELL, GOODBYE, GENERAL

SO LONG JOE!



WELL, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

OUTTA ME WAY!

NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE... UH... WHAT?

MULLIGAN!



WELL GEE, STERLING, I'M A DETECTIVE AND I'M ITCHING TO TRAIL SOMEBODY... ANYBODY, ESPECIALLY SPIES! IN A TERROR WITH SPIES, I AM... HAW!



AW GEE... OHAY, I'LL WAIT!

LOOK, MULLIGAN, WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRIOTIC MOTIVES, BUT THIS IS STRICTLY PRIVATE... SO WILL YOU PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE?



AND NOW STERLING, ABOUT THE MERRY HUH! CHAP! FRANKLY, WE'S GOT US WORRIED... SO WORRIED THAT OUR F.B.I. IS MAKING THE MOST INTENSIVE ALIEN ROUND-UP IN ITS HISTORY!

I SEE... AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP?

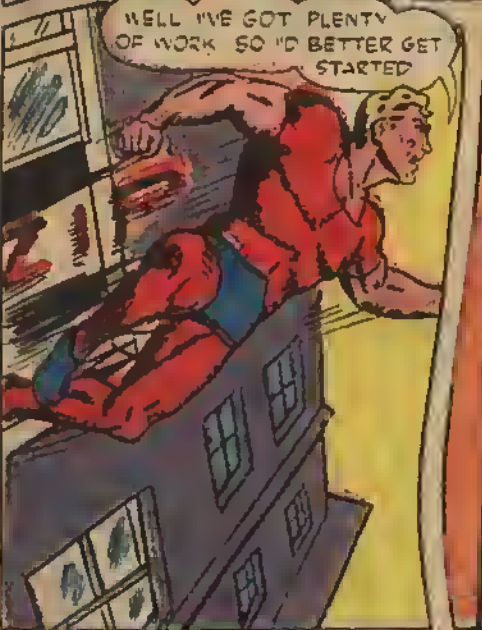


EXACTLY... HERE IS A LIST OF THE SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS AREA WE WANT THEM!

AND YOU'LL GET THEM, SIR! THIS IS NO JOB! IT'S A PLEASURE!

WHY HELLO, JOE! WHAT'S WRONG? FORGET SOMETHING?

YES! MY HAT WERE! SORRY TO BREAK IN LIKE THIS!



WELL I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK SO I'D BETTER GET STARTED



EXCUSE A GENERAL YOU WANTA YOUR SHAVE-A AND HAIR-CUT TODAY?



JUST THE SHAVE, TONY COME OVER LIGHTLY!

SURE-A GENERAL IT'S-A OHAY! I TURN ON DA RADIO! I MAKE-A DA BETTER SHAVE WIT'GOOD-A MUSIC!

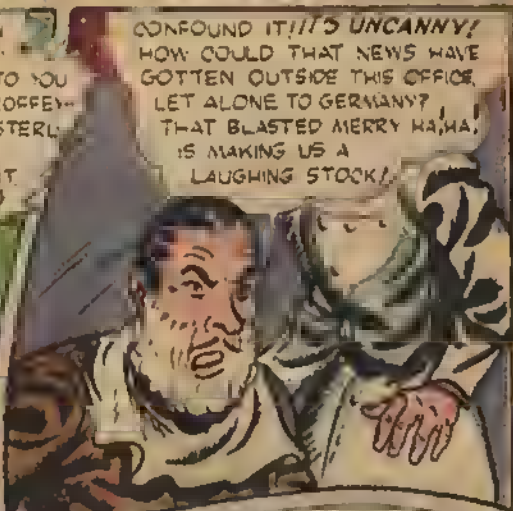


...RIGOLETTI
SHE'S A ONE FINE
OPERA--NOW I
GIVE-A YOU DA
SHAVE LIKE-A
DA SONG



HEY
WHASSA
CAT?

AMIRK...BERLIN
BROADCASTING-A
MERRY HA! HA! TO YOU
BRIG. GENERAL COFFEY--
AND TO STEEL STERLING
ING TOO. YOUR
AGENT
HA HA HA!



CONFOUND IT!! IT'S UNCANNY!
HOW COULD THAT NEWS HAVE
GOTTEN OUTSIDE THIS OFFICE
LET ALONE TO GERMANY?
THAT BLASTED MERRY HAHA!
IS MAKING US A
LAUGHING STOCK!



OOOO--IM-A MAD
TOO. GENERAL TONY
IS A DA GOOD AMERICAN!
HE'S-A NO CAN
STAND-A
FASCISTS!



HEY TONY--
EASY WITH THAT
RAZOR!

NOW I LIKE-A
TO SHAVE
DAT MERRY
HA! HA!
AND-A
DAT
FAT-A
MUSSOLINI
...GRR--



AG!!? NOW
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
SHAVED OFF MY MUSTACHE
AND GOT BLOOD 'ALL
OVER MY UNIFORM! I'LL
HAVE TO CHANGE INTO
MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES
UNTIL I GET THESE
CLEAN-
ED!

MEANWHILE, STERLING IS DOING A LITTLE 'CLEANING'
OF HIS OWN--



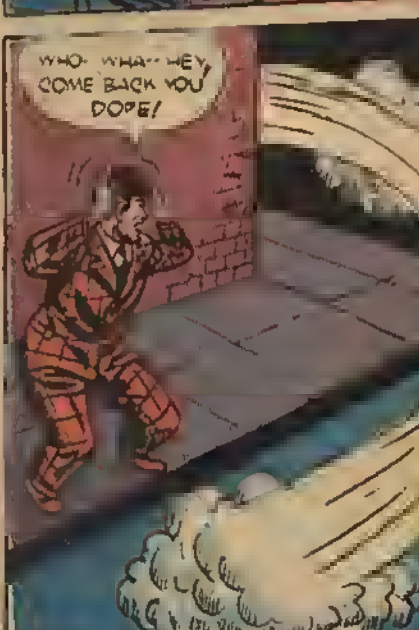
OHAY, JAIL BAIT, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE
ON A SLEEPER DOWN TO JAIL!

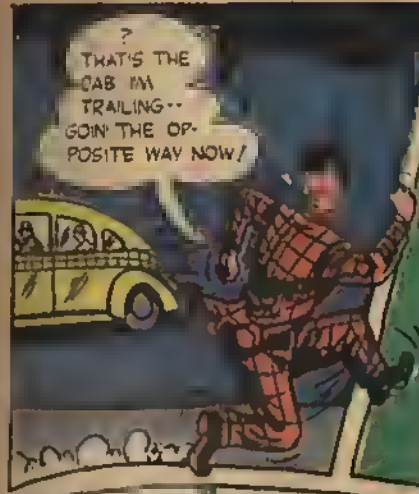
FROM ONE END OF TOWN DOWN TO THE OTHER
ZIPS THE MAN OF STEEL IN HIS ONE-MAN
BLITZKRIES--



ULP-- IT'S
SHTeel
STERLING.
HANS!
QUICK, BURN
DER
RECORDS!

HE--HE--
CAN'T TOUCH
US-- IT--IT'S
UNCONSTI-
TUTIONAL!





?
THAT'S THE
CAB I'M
TRAILING--
GOIN' THE OP-
POSITE WAY NOW!



WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE
AND UNIFORM,
I FEEL LIKE A
CRIMINAL IN
HIDING!



NOW, LET'S SEE, WHERE
ARE THOSE PAPERS?



GOT A RED
HANKER, YA SPY

ME--SPY--ARE
YOU CRAZY,
MULLIGAN?



OH, SO YOU
KNOW ME, HUH? I
GOT QUITE A
REP WITH YOU
NAZIS!

BUT--
BUT--I'M NO
NAZI, I TELL
YOU! I'M--

GOT YOU RATTLED,
EH? NOW I'LL
REALLY GETTA
WORK ON
YA!



AT THAT MOMENT AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS

HERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN!
THE WHOLE KABOODLE OF
SPY SUSPECTS IN THIS
AREA! DON'T LOOK
MUCH LIKE A SUPER-
RACE NOW, DO
THEY?



GOOD WORK, STERLING!
NOW WE'RE REALLY GET-
TING SOMEWHERE IN OUR
DRIVE AGAINST ESPION-
AGE! LET'S SEE THAT
MERRY HA, HA, GET
HIS INFORMATION,
NOW!



AWWWW-- MERRY
HA! HA! BROADCAST-
ING! YOUR DRIVE AGAINST
OUR SPES IS FUTLE,
AMERICA-- THERE
ARE THOUSANDS
MORE
THROUGHOUT
YOUR COUNTRY!

GIVE UP THIS FUTILE WAR, AMERICANS, YOU ARE TOTALLY UNPREPARED, THANKS TO YOUR STUPID GOVERNMENT! A MERRY HA! HA! TO YOU STEEL STERLING---

HOW THE HECK DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT ME SO FAST? I'M GOING BACK TO THE GENERAL'S OFFICE AND CHECK ON LEAKS!

NOW COME CLEAN, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE ONLY MAKING IT TOUGHER FOR YOURSELF

GREAT GRIEF WHAT GIVES HERE?

W--WATER!

MULLIGAN, YOU DOPE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL ANYWAY?

THIS GUY'S A SPY, STERLING! I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING INTO THIS OFFICE!

WHY SHOULDN'T HE COME INTO THIS OFFICE, IT'S HIS! THIS IS BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!

W--HE IS?

--AND GENERAL THIS TIME WE CAN BE SURE THE INFORMATION CAME FROM THIS OFFICE TODAY!

WMM--IT DOES SEEM SO AT THAT! BUT HOW? WE WERE COMPLETELY ALONE AFTER MCGREGOR LEFT!

WAIT A MINUTE--- THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EAVESDROPPER AT THAT!

YA THINK HE MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN A DRAWER, STEEL?

GREAT CAESAR! A DICTAPHONE-- IN MY OWN OFFICE!

YES THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE WAY THEY GOT THEIR INFORMATION, BUT NOT THE SPEED BERLIN HAS BEEN GETTING IT-- MULLIGAN, TURN ON THE RADIO!

SQUAWK--BURP--REMEMBER,
AMERICANS, DER THIRD REICH,
IS YOUR FRIEND/ VE LOVE
YOU LIKE BROTHERS--
BLA-- BLA--

NOW I'LL JUST RUB
MY TONGUE BETWEEN
MY TEETH AND INTER-
CEPT THAT BROADCAST-

BOY, ARE WE SIMPLE! THAT
BROADCAST ISN'T COMING
FROM BERLIN!
AT ALL! IT'S
RIGHT IN
THE CITY!

WHAT!

DIS IS BERLIN,
SIGNING OFF VUNCE
AGAIN GIFFING YOUR
STUPID GOVERNMENT
DER MERRY
HA! HA!

GOOT! NOW
VE TURN ON DER
RADIO UND GET
DER REACTION
FROM OUR BROAD-
CAST! HA, HA,
HA, HA!

I'M GOING TO TRACE IT WHILE
THEY'RE STILL BROADCAST-
ING! MULLIGAN, STICK A-
ROUND! I SUSPECT THERE'LL
BE A VISITOR TO THIS OF-
FICE TONIGHT!

--AND SO VE REPEAT...
DER NEW ORDER VISHES
ONLY FOR PEACE!
VAR HAS BEEN
FORCED UPON US--
BLA--BLA--
BLA--

FLASH!

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM
BRIGADIER GENERAL COFFEY!
MERRY HA! HA! WILL BE
APPREHENDED BEFORE
HE CAN COUNT
THREE!

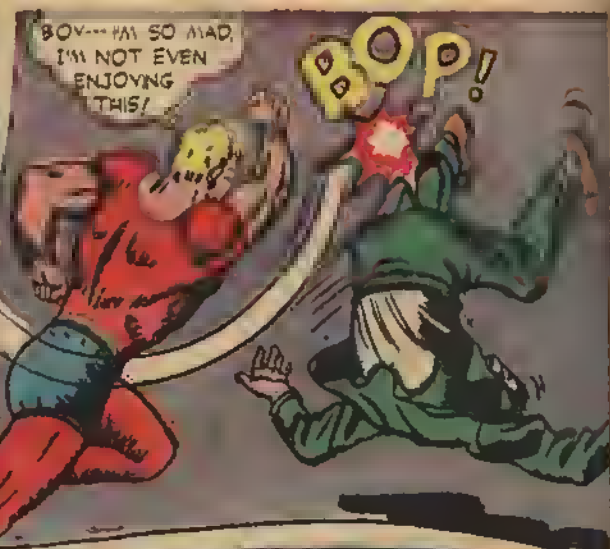
HO, HO, HO! HEAR
DOT HANS! DOTS
REALLY RICH!

VE VILL COUNT
FOR DEM, HEH,
HEH! VUN--
TWO--

THREE! YOU'VE
HAD YOUR FUN!
NOW I'LL HAVE
MINE!

ULP...
SHTEEL
SHTERLING!

CRASH!





GEE, IM SORRY I DONT KNOW IT WUZ YOU!

SORRY! YOU-- YOU 1167-- AL-- MOST KILLED ME!

IT WUZ STERLINGS IDEA! HE TOLD ME HE EXPECTED THE RINGLEADER OF THE SPES HERE TONIGHT!

YOU DONT SAY?

IMAGINE ARRESTIN YOU AS THE RINGLEADER!

YES, HA, HA! WELL--ER--PLL RUN ALONG NOW



? HELLO, MR. MCGREGOR GONG SOMEW-ERE-- YOU RAT!

EXTRA DAILY BLADE EXTRA

EXTRA!!! JOSEPH MCGREGOR ARRESTED AS A FIFTH COLUMNIST...

MCGREGOR BREAKS DOWN AND CONFESSES ALL AFTER A "TALK" WITH STEEL STERLING

JOSEPH MCGREGOR WILL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY, POLICE PROMISE, WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.



THE NAZIS MADE THEIR FIRST SLIP WHEN THEY MENTIONED MY NAME! THEN YOUR REMARK ABOUT MCGREGOR STARTED ME THINKING!

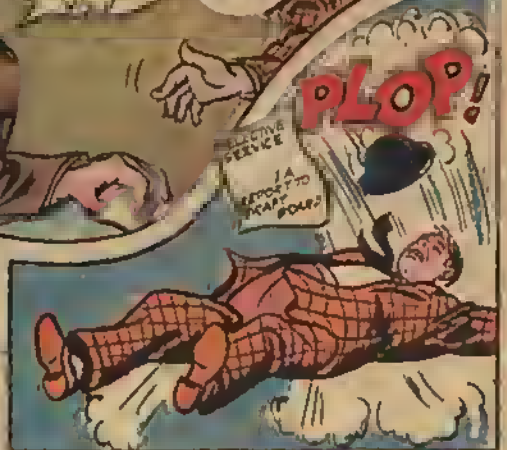


WELL, MAYBE IT WUZ A HUNCH WITH YOU, STEEL, BUT I HAD HIM TABBED ALL ALONG!

YES... I DONT DOUBT YOUR GENIUS, MULLIGAN NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE SOME-THING FOR

GEE, THEN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME GENERAL

THOSE EDITORIALS OF HIS HAD SOURED ME ON HIM TO BEGIN WITH, AND HE HAD ACCESS TO YOUR OFFICE BECAUSE HE WAS YOUR FRIEND! IT WAS A HUNCH THAT MADE ME THINK HED TRY AND GET OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS HE SAW YOU CALL ME IN ON THE CASE!



PLOP!

DONT FORGET, GANG! "THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THE NATION 'ARCHIE' IS APPEARING IN A COMIC AGAZINE OF HIS OWN. WATCH FOR 'ARCHIE COMICS,' ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SOON!

THE BUTLER ANNOUNCES—MURDER!

A STEEL STERLING STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was no bullet in the floor. There wasn't one in the wall, either.

That was the curious part of the murder.

Steel Sterling didn't get it. He continued to stare at the chalk outline on the floor.

When Benchley, the butler, entered Mark Wilson's solarium, and found his master lying on the floor, with a neat hole through his temple, it appeared simple enough. Some killer had shot Wilson as he lay asleep. But when the coroner arrived and discovered that the hole went through the back of Wilson's head, and that there was no bullet lodged anywhere in the room, it began to get puzzling.

The bullet-hole was usual looking, approximately a quarter inch in diameter, with little flecks all around. The coroner immediately thought of the trick of shooting ice bullets which melted a few seconds after entering the body, but ice bullets would not leave little flecks around the wound.

The Chief of Police asked Steel Sterling to look into the matter. Steel collected Clancy and Looney, and the three went to look the place over.

Mark Wilson had been dead two hours when the butler found him.

Wilson had been an invalid. The solarium was large, and well-equipped, and it was almost constantly in use. It was a wide room, topped off by a closed skylight through which hot sun blazed. All around were sun lamps, diathermy machines, and other paraphernalia.

Clancy walked around the room, gingerly examining the machines. And Looney, seeing a chance to grab off a little of the cross-examination glory without his partner, stared suspiciously at Benchley and said, "You found him, huh? Where were you while he'd been laying there dead for two hours?"

Benchley turned a frosty glance on Looney and said, "It was my afternoon off."

"Pretty convenient," said Looney. "How can you prove that you didn't

come back and give Wilson the bump?"

Benchley smiled tightly. "I spent the afternoon at a meeting of my social club miles away," he said. "Over fifty people saw me, and I didn't leave the place for a minute."

Steel Sterling continued to stare around the room, trying to work out a solution. Then, suddenly, his eyes lit up and he zipped over to Clancy.

Steel whispered something to Clancy. Clancy bobbed his head in understanding, and The Man of Steel zipped back to Looney and Benchley.

"Never mind the questions, Looney," said Steel. "Our only chance of success lies in reconstructing the crime." He turned to the butler. "You can help us discover your master's murderer."

"I'll do anything you say, sir," said Benchley. "Mr. Wilson was very good to me."

"Very well," said Steel. "Lie down on the floor there, where the police have drawn the outline of the position of the dead man's body."

Benchley turned chalk-white. He ran his tongue over dry lips. Then he forced himself to lie down on the floor.

"You're closest in size to Wilson," explained Steel. He began a series of calculations, observing, noting, counting aloud. And then Benchley began to twitch.

"Haven't I lain here long enough?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"Lay there," said Steel, coldly. "Don't move your head."

A minute ticked by, with Steel continuing his calculations. Again Benchley protested. Beads of sweat stood out all over his face. "I can't lie here any longer, sir," he whispered, hoarsely. "I—I'm squeamish. . ."

"I'm not finished with my calculations," said Steel. "Stay there!"

Hot sweat rolled down the butler's face onto his white shirt-front. And then, in a hair-raising tone, he screamed. "You tricked me," he howled. "You put it back." He leaped to his feet, and his hand clawed at his inside pocket.

The Man of Steel zipped forward and his hard fist smashed into the butler's face. Benchley slammed against the wall, and Steel hit him again. The butler went down for the count.

"There's your murderer," said Steel. "My guess is that Wilson willed his fortune to Benchley thinking the butler faithful . . . and Benchley found out about it and decided to hurry the inheritance along."

Looney's face twisted into a frown. "But how could he have done the job?" he asked. "He wasn't anywhere in the neighborhood."

"Look, Looney," said Steel. "Notice how that skylight above us slopes to a point? Well, Benchley dragged Wilson, laid him on the ground of the solarium . . . and substituted a circular fragment of magnifying glass for the ordinary glass. The sun burned a hole right through Wilson's head . . . and Benchley wasn't anywhere near the place when the murder was committed. Benchley could have used poison, since he was the only servant and therefore the one who mixed Wilson's medicine, but he would surely have been suspected. The way he picked was better for his purpose."

Looney continued to frown. "But why was he so squeamish about lying on the floor where the dead man had been that he gave himself away?" he asked. "A guy nervy enough to commit murder surely would have enough nerve to stick out a little unpleasantness."

"You don't understand," said Steel. "As soon as Benchley lay down on the floor, Clancy trained a sunlamp on his head. He couldn't see it the way he was laying. Naturally, Benchley had removed the magnifying glass and restored the original glass when he 'discovered' the body, but he probably has it hidden in his room and he thought we'd found it and put it back up in the skylight. So he just went wild."

The Man of Steel sighed. "You know, Looney," he said, "criminals aren't very smart. Otherwise," he smiled, "they wouldn't be criminals!"

CLANCY AND LOONEY

BY
HUBBELL

HEY!
PULL OVER
TO THE CURB!
YAS, I MEAN
YOU!

TWEET
TWEET

?

HA, HE! I'M
AFRAID I WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THAT RED LIGHT
OFFICER, BUT

AW, SHUT UP,
GRANDPA! YOU
GUYS GIMME A
PAIN! ALL YOU CAN
DO IS THINK UP
ALIBIS!

AND FURTHERMORE
THAT FUGITIVE FROM THE
JUNKHEAP IS A PUBLIC
MENACE! PEOPLE AIN'T
SAFE WITH THAT RATTLE-
TRAP LOOSE!

SHHH!
MY WORD,
DON'T YELL
SO LOUD!
YOU'RE AT-
TRACTING
A CROWD!

'A FUNNY GUY, EH?
OK, BUD! LET'S ME
AND YOU HOP DOWN
TO TRAFFIC COURT
WHERE IT'S MORE
PRIVATE!

NOW THAT
ISN'T A BAD
IDEA, OFFICER!
LET'S GET
GOING!

I HEAR THE NEW
JUDGE HATES
RECKLESS DRIVERS!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY
IF YOU DON'T
GET SENT UP!

YOU
DON'T
SAY?

HELLO, LOONEY.
SAY, WHERE'S
THE JUDGE AT?
AIN'T HE HERE?

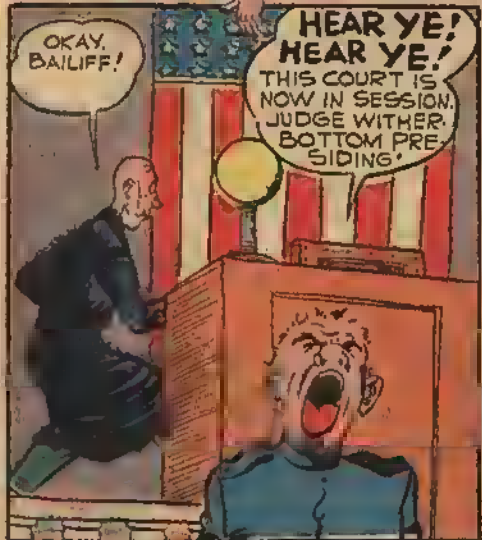
HE HASN'T
COME IN YET,
CLANCY! I'M
WAITIN' TO
GET A LOOK
AT HIM
MYSELF!

YOU AND
YOUR FRIEND
WILL EXCUSE
ME A MOMENT,
I TRUST?

HUH?
OKAY, BUT
DON'T TRY
TO SLIP
OUT WHEN
I'M NOT
LOOKIN'!

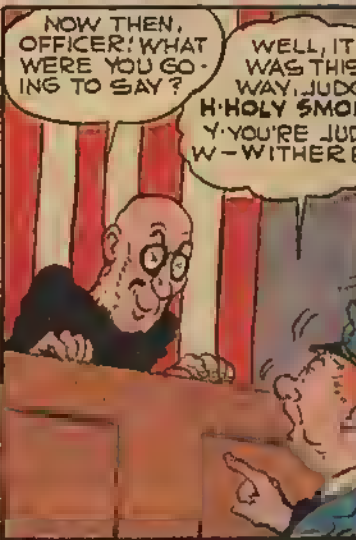
SAY, WHAT
IN THE...?

WE WENT
INTO THE
JUDGE'S
CHAMBERS!
GEE, MAYBE
HE'S A FRIEND
OF HIS!



OKAY,
BAILIFF!

HEAR YE!
HEAR YE!
THIS COURT IS
NOW IN SESSION.
JUDGE WITHER.
BOTTOM PRE-
SIDING!



NOW THEN,
OFFICER! WHAT
WERE YOU GO-
ING TO SAY?

WELL, IT
WAS THIS
WAY, JUDGE...
H-HOLY SMOKE!
Y-YOU'RE JUDGE
W-WITHER B..



OOOHH!

SPLOP!



LATER, AT
HEADQUARTERS.

IF ALL THE
STUPID, LAME-
BRAIN TRICKS!
ARRESTING THE
JUDGE! IMAGINE!

B-BUT
GOSH, CHIEF!
HOW WAS I
TO KNOW
WHO HE
WAS?



THE TROUBLE WITH
YOU, SERGEANT CLANCY
IS YOU'RE TOO ANXIOUS
TO PINCH PEOPLE!
IN TIMES LIKE THIS
WE NEED A LITTLE
GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY RIGHT
HERE AT HOME!
ETC...ETC...



X!! * @ BLANK...

BOY! OF ALL THE PRIZE DOPES! SAY? WHAT'S WRONG, KID?



AW, THE CHIEF SAID I WAS GETTIN' JUMPY, SO HE ASSIGNED ME A BEAT WAY OUT IN THE STICKS, AS A REST!

NO KIDDIN'!



WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT DON'T WORRY, KID! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER?



WELL, HERE WE ARE! BOY, WHAT A JOINT! THAT WIND SURE IS COLD!

AW, QUIT GRIPIN'! MY UNCLE HAS A COTTAGE HERE! WE'LL GO SEE HIM AN' GET SOME HOT LEMON-ADE LATER!

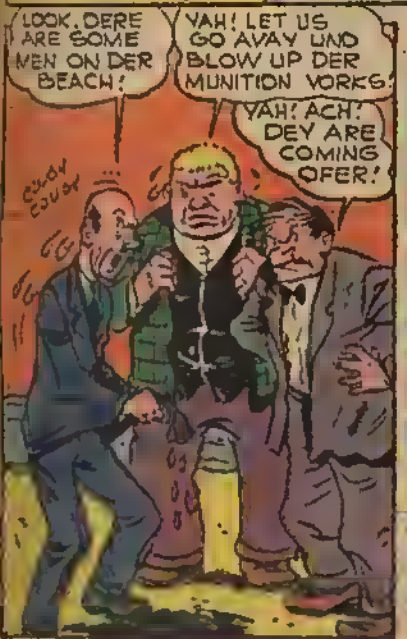


BUT WHAT EVER HAPPENS IN A DEAD DUMP LIKE THIS? I'LL GO BATS WITH NOTHIN' TO DO!



SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS GOIN' SWIMMIN' IN WEATHER LIKE THIS!

LOOK, THEY GOT THEIR CLOTHES ON! MAYBE THEY'RE REFUGEES OR SOMETHIN'!



LOOK, DERE ARE SOME MEN ON DER BEACH!

YAH! LET US GO AWAY UND BLOW UP DER MUNITION YORKS!

YAH! ACH! DEY ARE COMING OFER!



MAYBE THEIR SHIP GOT TORPEDOED!

LEMME HANDLE THIS, LOONEY! IF THEY'RE FOREIGNERS WE WANTA MAKE 'EM FEEL AT HOME! REMEMBER THAT GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY!

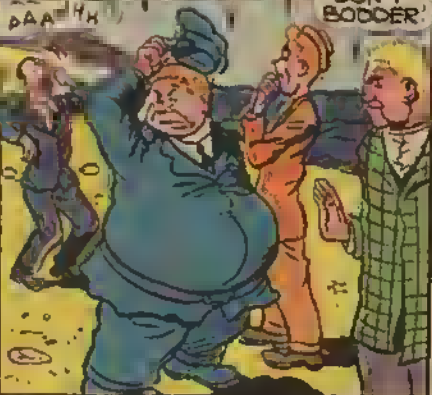


WELCOME TO OCEAN CITY, FOLKS! SAY, THAT'S A BAD COLD YOU GOT THERE!

AAAAHH CHOO!

THAT MAN HAS TO BE KEPT WARM! WE'D BUILD A FIRE BUT IT AIN'T ALLOWED... MIGHT ATTRACT SPIES OR SOMETHIN'!

DAA 44



LET'S TAKE HIM TO UNCLE CALEB'S HOUSE!

ACH! PLEASE DON'T BODDER!

DOT FAT YUN ISS A POLICE MAN! I RECOGNIZE DER UNIFORM! BETTER VE SHOULD DO LIKE HE SAYS SO HE VON'T GET SUSPICIOUS!

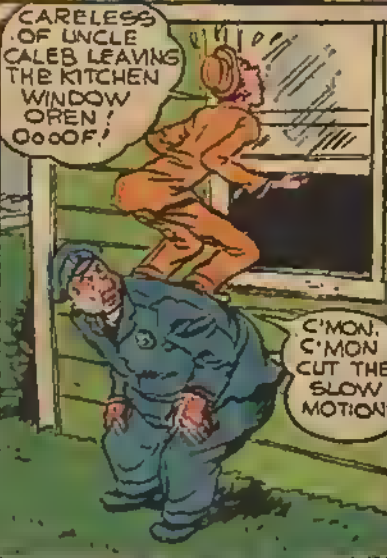


DOT'S RIGHT! VOT YOU SAY, ADOLF? YOU GO MIT DESE NIZE PEOPLES UND GET YOUR COLD FIXED UP! YOU CAN MEET US LATER!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU RING THE BELL, DOPEY?



I DID! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HOME! WELL! HAFTA BUST IN!



CARELESS OF UNCLE CALEB LEAVING THE KITCHEN WINDOW OREN! OOOOF!

C'MON, C'MON CUT THE SLOW MOTION!

PRETTY NICE JOINT YOUR UNCLE LIVES IN! I NEVER HEARD YOU MENTION HIM BEFORE!



I AIN'T BEEN HERE SINCE I WAS A KID! THE PLACE SEEMS SORTA CHANGED AROUND!

WELL, YOU MAKE THAT GUY COMFORTABLE! I GOTTA CALL UP THE CHIEF AN' REPORT!



OKAY! I FOUND SOME COUGH MEDICINE! I'LL GIVE HIM SOME!

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER NAZIS ARE GETTING IMPATIENT...

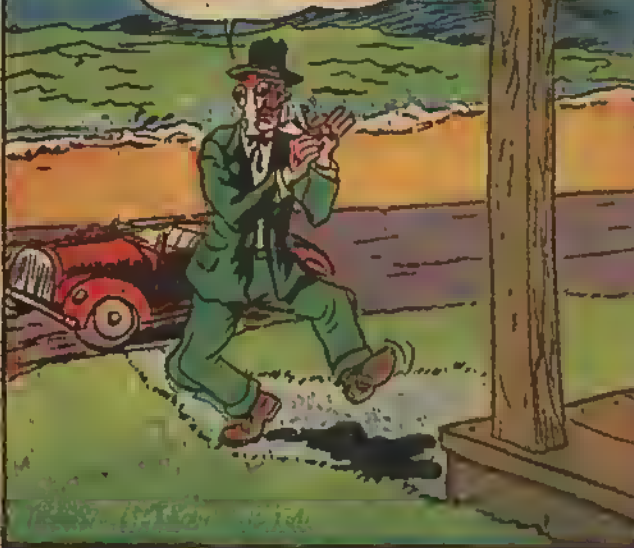
ACH! VOT ISS KEEPING ADOLF? HE ISS DER KEY MAN!

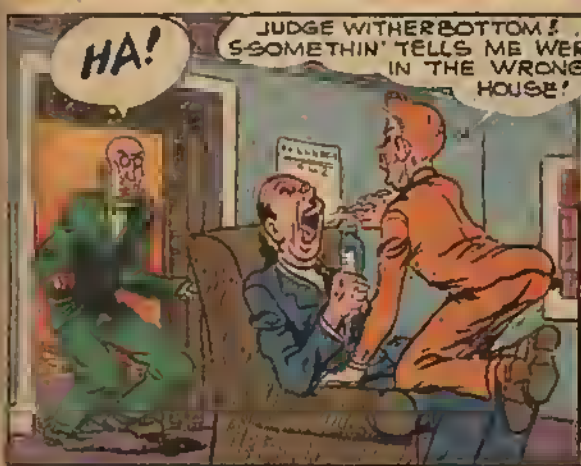


MAYBE IT GIFFS TROUBLE! COME, YE GO BACK UND GET HIM!

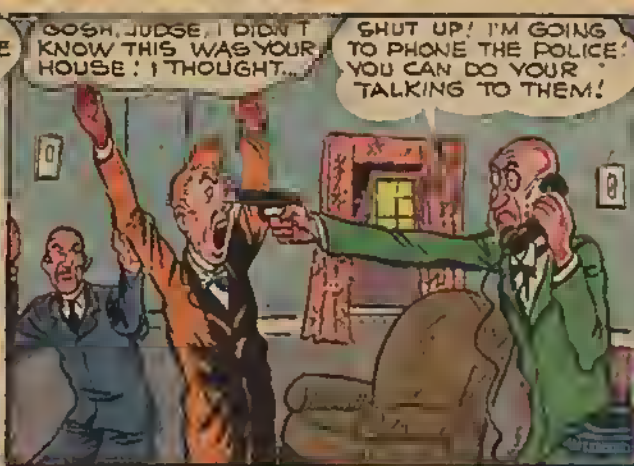
AT THAT MOMENT...

AH! AFTER A BUSY WEEK IN THE COURTS, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THE GOOD SALT AIR!





JUDGE WITHERBOTTOM?...
S-SOMETHIN' TELLS ME WE'RE
IN THE WRONG
HOUSE!



GOSH, JUDGE, I DIDN'T
KNOW THIS WAS YOUR
HOUSE! I THOUGHT...

SHUT UP! I'M GOING
TO PHONE THE POLICE!
YOU CAN DO YOUR
TALKING TO THEM!



YEAH, CHIEF, THIS
PLACE IS DEAD AS
KELSEY'S... SAY!
WHO IS THAT?
YOU MUST HAVE
THE WRONG NUM-
BER! I'M A
POLICEMAN!

THAT'S WHAT
I WANT... A
POLICEMAN!

YOU DO? YES! I
HAVE JUST
APPREHENDED
SOME VERY
DANGEROUS
HOUSE-
BREAKERS!



YEAH, YEAH...
HOUSEBREAKERS, EH?
OKEY DOKE! WHAT'S
THE ADDRESS? 211
BEACHVIEW DRIVE!
UH HUH!



O.K., I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER!
GOODBYE!

HELLO?
CHIEF?
STILL
THERE?

GOOD!
NOW
WHO'S AT
THE DOOR?



VOT HAFF
YOU DONE MIT
ADOLF? HE
WAS HERE!
SPEAK UP!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR EITHER OF THE
RUFFIANS IN THE
OTHER ROOM, COME
IN WITH YOUR HANDS
UP!



IT'S NO USE, CHIEF!
I CAN'T HEAR A WORD
YOU SAY! SOMEBODY
IS MAKIN' AN AWFUL
FUSS NEXT DOOR!

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MORE
QUIET IN HERE...HEY, LOONEY,
STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE!
I GOTTA GO ARREST
SOME BURGLARS!

ZOK!

MEANWHILE THE CHIEF IS
WAITING FOR CLANCY TO
RETURN... WHERE'S HE PHO
ING FROM ANYWAY, MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN?
SOUNDS LIKE A...

DOT TAKES CARE
OF DEM! QUICK, HUGO
ADOLF LET'S GET
OUT! VE HAF AL-
READY VASTED
TOO MUCH
TIME!

YAH! NOW VE
GO UND SABOTASE
SOME INDUSTRIES
UND VOT NOT,
NO?

ULP!

YAH! HA! DEY
ARE ALL COLD
LIKE BISMARCK,
DER HERRING!

PFOOEY
ON DOSE
DOPE!

COUGH
COUGH!
ACH! I
STILL GOT
MY COLD!

VAS ISS?
DER COPS!

ACH HIMMEL!
DON'T SHOOT!
VE GIFF UP!

WHERE
OID THEY
COME FROM?

THE CHIEF WAS
RIGHT! THEY'RE
SPIES, ALL RIGHT!

DAILY MIRROR
ESPIONAGE PLOT
FOILED!

A DARING NAZI
PLOT TO SABO-
TAGE EASTERN
WAR PLANTS WAS
UNCOVERED
LATE THIS
AFTERNOON BY
THE HEROIC
EFFORTS OF
SERGEANT
CLANCY AND
DETECTIVE
ALEC BENLUR
ACCORDING TO
SERGEANT
CLANCY HE
SPOTTED THE
U-BOAT OFF
OCEAN CITY

EXTRA

NICE GOING,
CLANCY! A
BRILLIANT IDEA,
LEAVING THE
PHONE OFF THE
HOOK SO I COULD
HEAR THE WHOLE
THING!

NOTHIN' TO IT,
CHIEF! IF VA
GOT ANY MORE
SPIES JUST
CALL ON US!

WE KNOW IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE, BUT THOSE TWO
SUPER(?) SLEUTHS, 'CLANCY',
AND LOONEY GET STILL DUMBER,
LUCKIER AND FUNNIER IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS

THE

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BLACK HOOD

MAN OF
MYSTERY



A WEIRD AND
SIBILANT MELODY FLOATS
THROUGH THE AIR - AND MEN
AND WOMEN FOLLOW THE
SOUND OF THE MUSIC TO
THEIR DOOM. WHAT IS THE
STRANGE POWER HELD BY
THE PIED PIPER, MAD
MUSICIAN OF MURDER? WHO
IS THIS BEING WHO STEPS
OUT OF A LEGEND TO
BRING DEATH TO ALL
HE SERENADES?
READ ON AND
SEE.....

ONE STORMY NIGHT, AS CLOUDS SCUTTLE ACROSS THE MOON, A CAR MOVES SPEEDILY ALONG AN OLD BRIDGE...

INSIDE THE CAR ARE KIP BURLAND AND BARBARA SUTTON.

AND SOMETHING STRANGE AND HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT, KIP! IT GIVES ME THE FUNNIEST FEELING, AS THOUGH

I KNOW! I FEEL THE SAME WAY! AS THOUGH SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

SEVERAL YARDS DOWN THE ROAD, A STRANGE MUSICIAN PLAYS HIS PIPE AND SENDS SAVAGE MUSIC THROUGH THE AIR...

AND FROM A MANSION IN THE DISTANCE A BLANK-EYED MAN WALKS TOWARD THE MUSIC...

I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY!

HOLY CATS! THERE'S A MAN RIGHT IN OUR PATH! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OFF THE ROAD TO AVOID HITTING HIM!

GOT TO FOLLOW THAT MELODY

KIP'S CAR SMASHES INTO A TREE, BUT THE BLANK-EYED MAN DOESN'T EVEN TURN. HE CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD DIRECTLY TOWARD THE MUSIC.

GEE, THAT'S STRANGE! THE GUY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE US. YOU HURT, BARBARA?

NO - JUST SHAKEN, I GUESS!

STRANGE - THAT MAN ACTING LIKE THAT! HE DIDN'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CAR!

QUICKLY KIP REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING, AND EMERGES AS THE BLACK HOOD...

"D WAIT HERE, BARBARA! I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!"

HOLY CATS! HE'S FALLEN INTO A QUAS-MIRE!

HERE Y'ARE, MISTER. GRAB THIS AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT.

SUDDENLY...

MEDDLING FOOL!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!

AND HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

SOCK

BAM

BAH! I HAVE NO TIME
TO FOOL WITH YOU!
TAKE THIS!

BAM!

AND NOW I'D BETTER
GET AWAY FROM HERE!

BARBARA COMES RUNNING UP...

HOOD! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO
TALK NOW!
I'VE GOT TO
GET TO THAT
FELLOW
IN THE
SWAMP!

THE HOOD FISHES THE
BLANK-EYED MAN OUT OF
THE SWAMP, AND...

POOR FELLOW-
HE'S DONE FOR.
I'D BETTER
GET TO THE
NEAREST
HOUSE AND
CALL
THE POLICE!

HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE!

THE DOOR IS OPENED
BY THE BUTLER...

WHY, IT -
IT'S JIM!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

I'M AFRAID
HE'S -- DEAD!
WE'D BETTER
GO INTO THE
HOUSE AND
PHONE THE
POLICE!

PELHAM!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

MR. JIM'S
DEAD!

AS THE BLACK HOOD LAYS
JIM'S BODY ON THE COUCH,
THE THREE REMAINING MEM-
BERS OF THE FAMILY RUSH
INTO THE ROOM...

GOOD LORD!

EEE



SHALL I CALL THE POLICE, MR. ABEL?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! NO POLICE!

AND WHO ARE YOU TO GIVE SUGGESTIONS AROUND HERE? YOU'RE ONLY THE CARETAKER, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT! NOW GET OUTSIDE!

Y-YES SIR!

SUDDENLY, MARTIN, JIM'S OTHER BROTHER, STEPS FORWARD...

OUTSIDE..

WELL, KIP WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO NOW

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS CAR AND GO ON HOME. NOW DON'T PROTEST YOUNG LADY, I PROMISE YOU A SWEET STORY... BUT GIT!



AND WHAT MY BROTHER ABEL SAYS GOES FOR YOU TOO. WE'LL HANDLE THIS! GET OUT!

OKAY, PAL AS YOU SAY!



AND INSIDE THE HOUSE

TELL YOU SOMEBODY'S OUT TO MURDER US!

I KNOW, KNOW, BUT WHO?

DEATH! MURDER!! WHICH ONE OF US WILL BE NEXT?



WHO'D WANT TO KILL JIM? HE WAS ALWAYS KEEPING TO HIMSELF HE HAD NO ENEMIES!

THERE'S MURDER LURKING IN THIS HOUSE NOBODY'S SAFE! NOBODY!



AS ONE O'CLOCK STRIKES
THAT NIGHT...

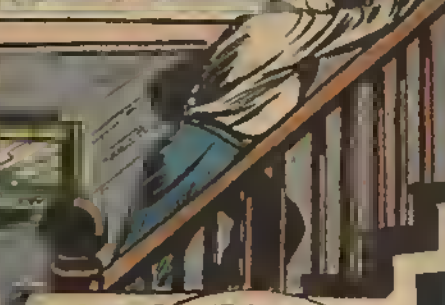
THE STRANGE SOUNDINGS OF A
FLUTE ARE HEARD WHISTLING
OVER THE MANSION...

HYPNOTIZED BROTHER ABEL
DRAGS HIMSELF TOWARDS
THE MUSIC...



SUDDENLY THE HOOD
APPEARS...

THAT MAN--I'VE
GOT TO STOP HIM!



HE'S
HEADING FOR
THE ROOF!



LOOK OUT!
THAT'S THE
EDGE!



THE HOOD
REACHES
THE EDGE
TOO LATE!
ABEL
PLUNGES
OVER THE
WALL!

LATER BELOW

POOR FELLOW
HE'S DEAD TOO!



RIGHT HERE!
HOOD!

THOSE
GHOSTLY NOTES.
WHAT'S THAT
STICKING OUT
OF THE
WALL?

WELL, WELL -
A NICE LITTLE
PRIVATE SUBWAY!

CRAS

MEANWHILE INSIDE THE DAMP
THE CAVERN, THE PIED PIPER
LURES HIS PRAY ONWARD.

DEPTHS OF

COME TO THE
EDGE OF THE
WHIRLPOOL, MY
DEAR
MARTIN!

THAT'S ONE
MORE- DEAD!

HEH, HEH, HEH, ONE MORE
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
TO KILL AND MY REVENGE
IS COMPLETE! NO ONE CAN

OUTRICK THE
PIED PIPER!

I'LL SLIDE DOWN
THIS STALAGMITE!
HEH, HEH, HE CAN'T
FOLLOW ME
DOWN HERE!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN
FRIEND!

THE
BLACK
HOOD!

WITH A
TREMENDOUS
LEAP THE
BLACK HOOD
VAULTS INTO
THE CAVER-
NOUS DEPTHS.

AND RUNS
ALONG THE EDGE
OF THE PRECI-
PICE..

NOW
WHERE
DID THAT
GOON
GET TO?

LOOKING
FOR ME,
MR. HOOD?

I CERTAINLY
WAS! HOW NICE
OF YOU TO DROP
IN!

AND YOU'RE
FALLING FOR
A RIGHT!

YOU'RE
RIDING FOR
A FALL,
HOOD!

BUT THE PIED PIPER
PICKS UP A
PIECE OF
ROCK AND..

BAM

WHOP

BUT OUT-STRETCHED
HANDS CLUTCH
FRANTICALLY AT
THE LEDGE AND

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS
OUT..

BANG

STUNNED,
THE HOOD
TUMBLES
INTO THE
VOID.

I'LL
KICK THOSE
HANDS OF
YOURS TO
'A PULP'

BARBARA AND
JUDY RUN UP

YOU FIRED THAT
GUN JUST IN TIME,
JUDY!

IT WAS
THE SOUND
OF THE FLUTE
THAT DREW ME
AND BARBARA
HERE!

IN A MOMENT, THE BLACK HOOD
RIPS THE MASK FROM THE
DIED PIPER'S FACE, REVEALING...

PELHAM,
THE CARE-
TAKER!

YES,
IT'S ME...

... I TRAVELLED
THRU THE ORIENT FOR YEARS
WITH REVENGE BURNING
CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART.
I PICKED UP MANY TRICKS!
YOU, YOU... SAW ONE OF
THEM. THEN, I CAME BACK
INTO THEIR EMPLOY. THEY
ONLY TOOK ME ON TO KICK
ME AROUND! BUT I FIXED
THEM... I FIXED THEM
AAARRGH!

DON'T CRY
JUDY!
HE GOT
WHAT WAS
COMING
TO HIM!

I FAITHFULLY TOOK CARE
OF THEIR FATHER FOR
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
FAITHFUL SERVICE, AND YET
I WAS CUT OUT OF HIS
INHERITANCE! THOSE SONS
TREATED ME LIKE DIRT, MADE
LIFE MISERABLE FOR ME!
THEY PROVE ME OUT...

WELL, YOUR PREMONITION
OF DISASTER CERTAINLY
RANG THE BELL, BARBARA!
A 20TH CENTURY PIED
PIPER OF DEATH! WHAT
A WEIRD METHOD OF
MURDER... LOOK, BABS.
THE MOON IS COMING
FROM BEHIND THOSE
CLOUDS!

LATER AS BARBARA AND KIP BURLAND
RESUME THEIR JOURNEY

I THOUGHT
I SENT YOU
HOME, YOUNG
LADY!

UH UH! KIP!
I WASN'T LETTING
YOU LEAVE ME
OUT OF THINGS!

AS THE MOON RISES,
THE CLOUDS CLEAR AND
ONCE AGAIN BARBARA
AND KIP RESUME THEIR
TRIP...

IT'S A GRIM TALE THAT
FINDS ITS WAY TO THESE
PAGES IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF JACKPOT COMICS.
BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK
HOOD...

AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

KIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened. It was pretty unexpected.

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Kip had been showing him a good time. They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers; sailors; marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air. Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Kip felt that he had made the evening a success.

And then it happened—one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand reached roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face. The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something.

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he muttered, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with spread-eagle on your hat and all . . . and not wearing rank bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled. Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain, "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir'?"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdemeanor, sir, I'll break you! You hear me . . . I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Kip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Kip. "B-but, Kip, I—"

"Let it go," said Kip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends." He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you scram back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, dubiously. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Kip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then raced quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He raced up the stairs. Through

a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without wasting a moment, he slammed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I knew that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood. "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in yours that you thought you'd have a little fun and bawl out a real officer who you thought was dressing and acting wrongly."

The fake Captain's beady eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a warrant officer, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

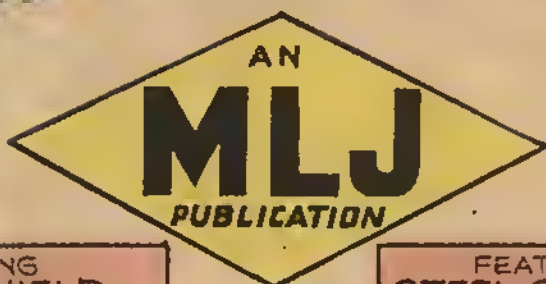
The fake Captain's sear glowed redly on his face. "All right, men," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His fists moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to mourn over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.

Look

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:

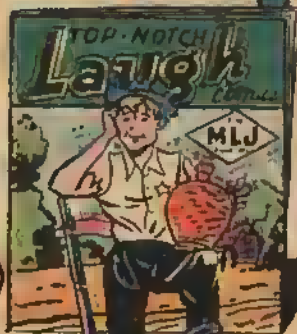


FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

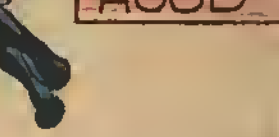
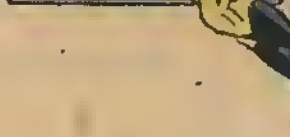
FEATURING
THE HANGMAN

FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD



**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

BOY! IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND, EH TWERP? YOU MUST HAVE SEEN THAT SHOW AT LEAST FIVE TIMES!

IT SURE IS SWELL TO SEE SOME GOOD LOOKIN' GALS AGAIN! BUT WHERE ARE COLLINS AND SLAPSIE?

OH, YEAH? YOU AND WHOSE ARMY?

YEAH! YOU HEARD ME THE FIRST TIME!



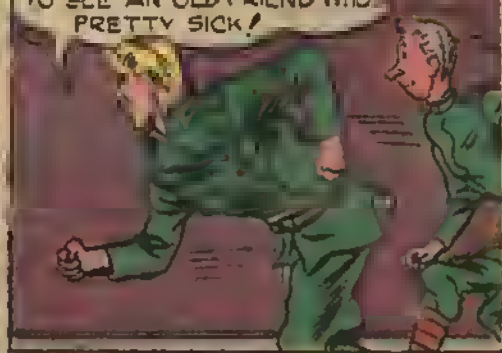
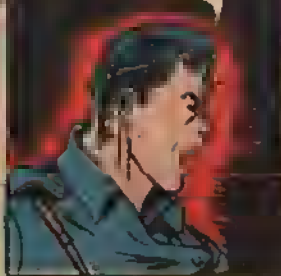
BOYLE AND TWERP WERE SENT TO HOLLAND TO BRING BACK AN ENGLISH SOLDIER WHO WAS HEADING THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT AGAINST THE NAZIS. (SEE PEP CORSE, NOVEMBER...) IMAGINE BOYLE'S SURPRISE TO FIND THAT IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN HIS OLD PAL(?) CORPORAL COLLINS!

THAT REMINDS ME! WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! WE'RE MEETING THEM IN TEN MINUTES!

IMAGINE HIM TURNING UP AGAIN! AN' AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS!

YEP! I THOUGHT SURE THE NAZIS HAD CAUGHT... HEY! HERE THEY COME!

SORRY I CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, SARGE! I'VE GOT TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO'S PRETTY SICK!



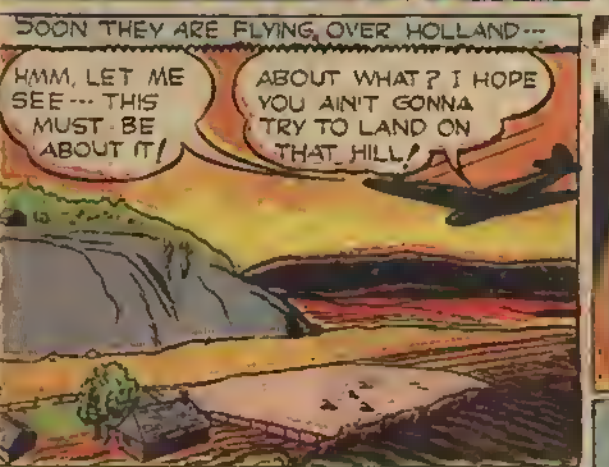
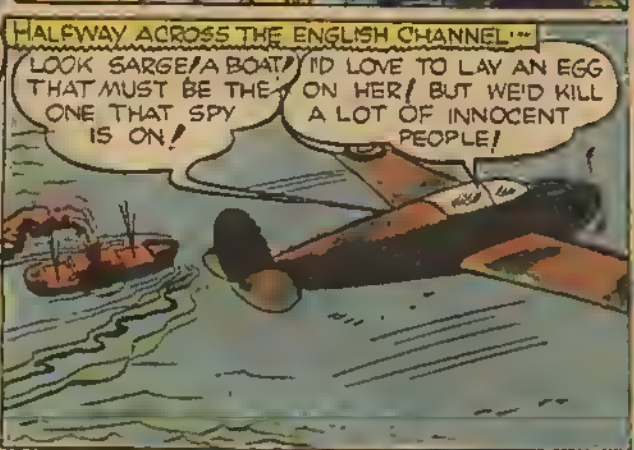
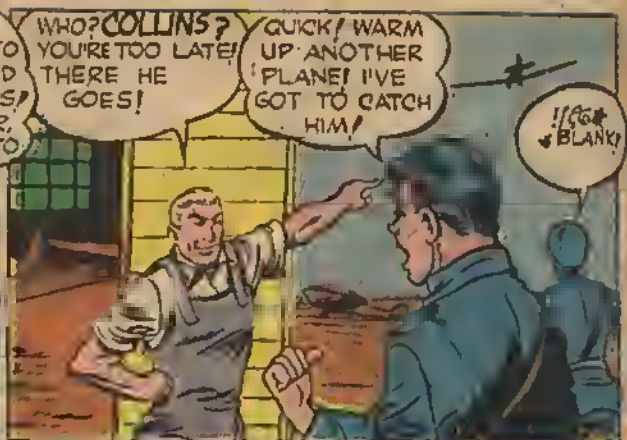
LOOK AT HIM GO! NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HAS TO SEE?

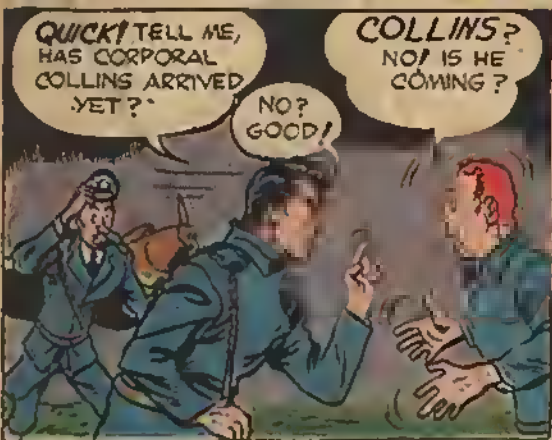
DARNED IF I KNOW! THEY SURE ARE IN A HURRY!



BOYLE! DID COLLINS PASS HERE A MINUTE AGO? HE FOR GOT THIS LIST!







QUICK! TELL ME, HAS CORPORAL COLLINS ARRIVED YET?

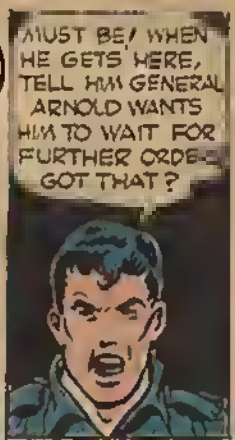
NO? GOOD!

COLLINS? NO! IS HE COMING?



HERE COMES ANOTHER PLANE O.K. TO OPEN UP?

OKAY! THAT MUST BE CORPORAL COLLINS NOW!



MUST BE! WHEN HE GETS HERE, TELL HIM GENERAL ARNOLD WANTS HIM TO WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS GOT THAT?



DON'T FORGET NOW! YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TROUBLE HOLDING HIM HERE, BUT IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

DON'T WORRY!



BOYLE AND TWERP BORROW SOME DUTCH CLOTHES AND HEAD FOR THE SEAPORT...

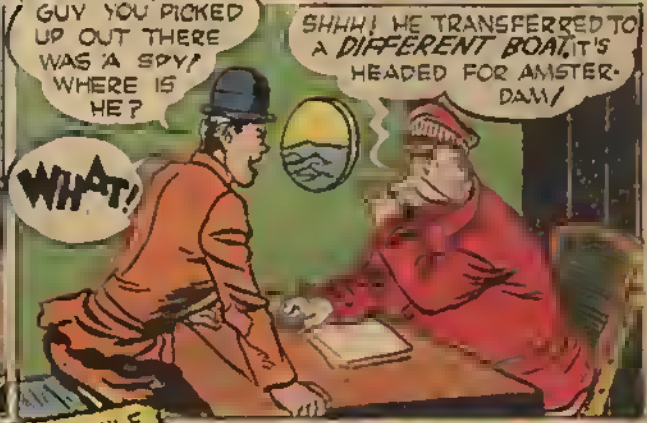
IT WAS ARRANGED THAT BUT THE GENERAL SPY TO BE TRANSFERRED TO A DUTCH FISHING BOAT IN MID-CHANNEL! WE'VE GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DOCK BEFORE HE CONTACTS THE GESTAPO!

DIDN'T SAY COLLINS WAS SUPPOSED TO WAIT!



HE DIDN'T? OH WELL, WE'LL HANDLE THIS BETTER ALONE! HASN'T COME OFF! BETTER SEE THE

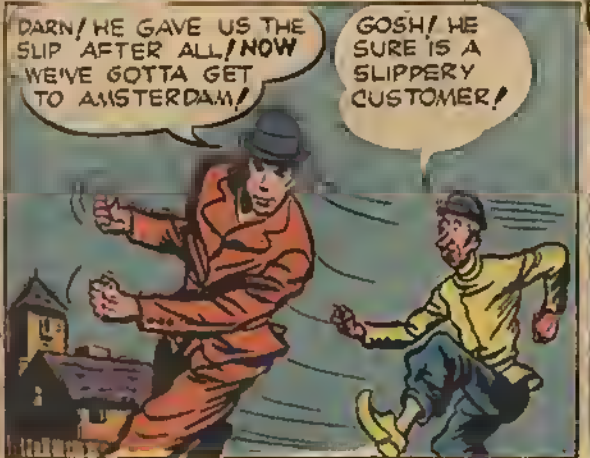
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE CREW, AN' HE'S BETTER OFF! BETTER SEE THE



I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU! THE GUY YOU PICKED UP OUT THERE WAS A SPY! WHERE IS HE?

SHHH! HE TRANSFERRED TO A DIFFERENT BOAT, IT'S HEADED FOR AMSTERDAM!

WHAT!



DARN! HE GAVE US THE SLIP AFTER ALL! NOW WE'VE GOTTA GET TO AMSTERDAM!

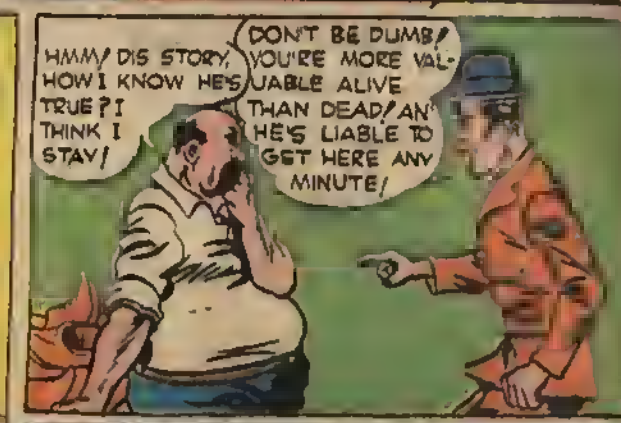
GOSH! HE SURE IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!



MEANWHILE

LISTEN! WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE ALMOST AN HOUR!! JUST WHAT DID THE GENERAL SAY ANYHOW?

IT WASN'T THE GENERAL! BUT THOSE TWO OTHER ENGLISH SOLDIERS SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT!





HOORAY!
DE DUTCH
PATRIOTS ARE
COMING!

I'M SAVED!
GEVALT!
YIPPEE!

CLUMP!
CLUMP!
CLOP!
CLOP!



PUF
PUF

SHAKE IT UP, TWERP!
DON'T WEAKEN NOW!
WE SOUND LIKE A
WHOLE ARMY!

CLOP CLUMP
CLOMP!



NOBODY
OUT
HERE!

LISTEN!
IT
STOPPED

?

PSST!
IN HERE
POP!
QUICK!



ACH! DER
OLD ONE HE
ISS GONE!

WHAT!



WHERE
DID
HE
GO?

GXX !! O?!! WHAT
DO YOU THINK, YOU
IDIOT? HE STEPPED
OUT FOR LUNCH?



YOU'RE SAFE NOW, POP! SO DOWN
YOU THINK HE'LL GO TO THE ROAD
THE CHEESE MAKERS AN' TAKE THE
NEXT? OKAY, I'LL GO THERE AN TRY
TO HEAD 'I'M OFF, MEANWHILE, WARN AS MANY
OTHERS AS YOU CAN, YOU TAKE MY
GUN, I WON'T NEED IT!



AH! THIS IS
IT!! SOUNDS
PEACEFUL INSIDE,
BUT PROBABLY
WON'T BE LONG

CHEESE
FACTORY



PSST / ARE
VAN SCHUGS,
THE CHEESE
MAKER?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BUD?
ARE YOU, OR
AREN'T YOU?
SPEAK UP!

ER... AH
ULP... J... J



SO!

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE DRIBBLEPUSS BEAT US TO IT!



IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL LIVE, JUST COUNT THREE!

OKAY! ONE... TWO...



UGH! THREE!



WAS HE A PUSHOVER? RUN, SCHUGSIE! C'MON, TWERP!

TSK/TSK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRIPPED?



OH HOH HA HA HA

BANG BANG BANG



PLOP

LIMBURGE VAT



LIMBURGE VAT



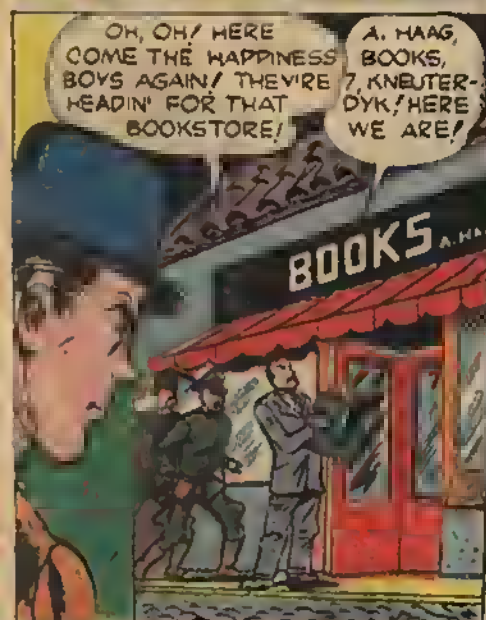
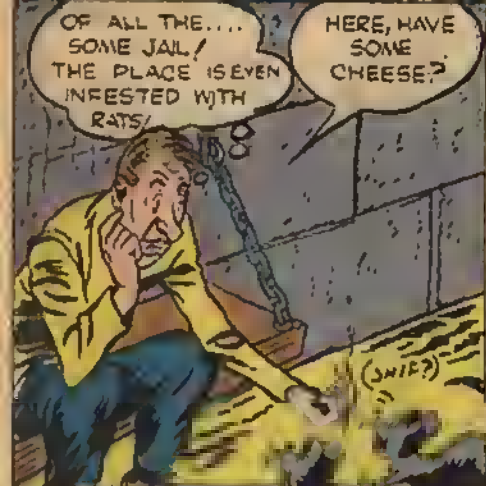
VERP IS FISHED OUT AND TAKEN TO THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS... FOR THE LAST TIME! TELL ME THE PLANS OF THE DUTCH UNDERGROUND OR I'LL... PHEW! IT'S AWFUL!



BAH! I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE! PHOOEY! WHAT A SMELL!



THROW HIM IN A CELL UNTIL HE AIRS OUT A LITTLE! AND OPEN A WINDOW! JAP!





THAT'S RIGHT, PAL
JUST KEEP ON LOOKING
OVER THAT WAY!



?



GET 'EM UP!

YOU WOULD
COME ALONG
JUST NOW,
WOULDN'T YOU?
NUTS!



I FOUND HIM
CREEPING AROUND
ON DER FLOOR.
SIR!

GOOD!
TAKE HIM OUT.
SIDE AND
SHOOT...



CLUNK

?



OH! HOW CLUMSY
OF ME! I DROPPED
MY BOOKS! OH,
DEARIE ME!



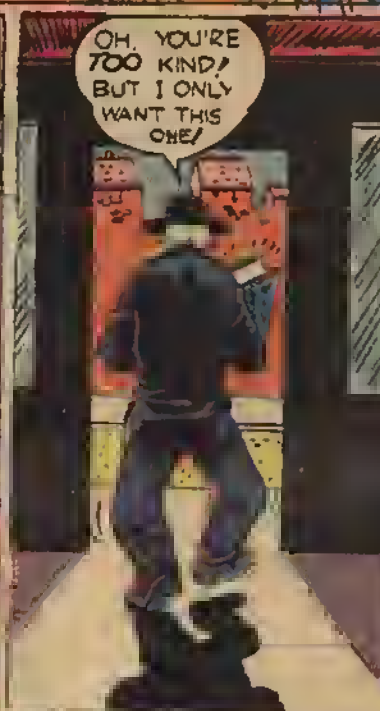
I'M SO SORRY!
I H-HOPE THE
POOR MAN ENIT HURT
BADLY! I'D BETTER
GO NOW!

GO AWAY, YOU
OLD FOOL JND TAKE
YOUR /SPY/ BOOK
WITH YOU!



YOU MEAN I
CAN TAKE IT
HOME
WITH ME?
YOU DON'T
MIND?

NO!
TAKE DER
WHOLE STORE
IF YOU WANT
YOU DOPE!
ONLY **GET
OUT!**



OH, YOU'RE
TOO KIND!
BUT I ONLY
WANT THIS
ONE!



AH! HE IS COMING TO!

ACH! WHAT HIT ME? THE CEILING?



HIMMEL! THE LIST OF NAMES!! IT'S GONE! WHY DIDN'T YOU DUMMKOPFS WATCH IT?



DOT OLD FOOL MUST HAF SWIPED IT! AFTER HIM!

HE COULDN'T HAF GONE FAC!



HEY! LET GO! WHAT IS THE IDEA! ACH! YOU!

LISTEN WEASEL PUSS! A FRIEND OF MINE IS IN YOUR JUG! WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT!



GUARD! THAT NEW PRISONER--I WANT HIM RELEASED! YOU HEAR ME?

YES, SIR! I MEAN NO, SIR! I CAN'T DO DOT!



DON'T ARGUE! DO AS I SAY! HURRY! UND GET ME A CAR!

EFFERY DAY EFFERYBODY GETS NUTTER AND NUTTER! SOMETIMES I VONDER WHY I EFER CHOINED UP!



GEE SARGE, I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D NEVER SEE A HUMAN FACE AGAIN!

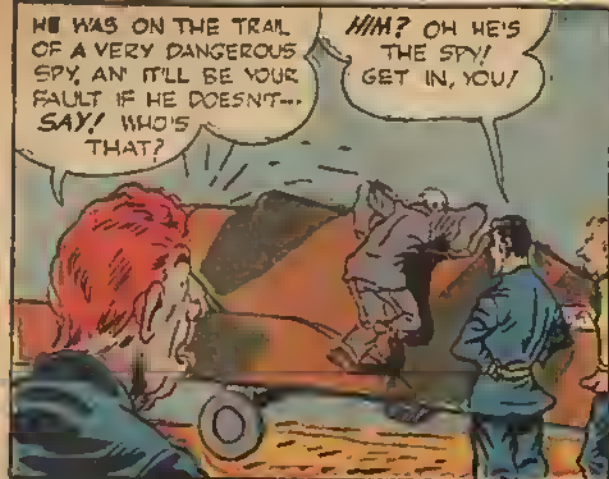
YOU STILL WON'T, IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THAT CHEESY SMELL SOON!



AT THE SECRET HANGAR...

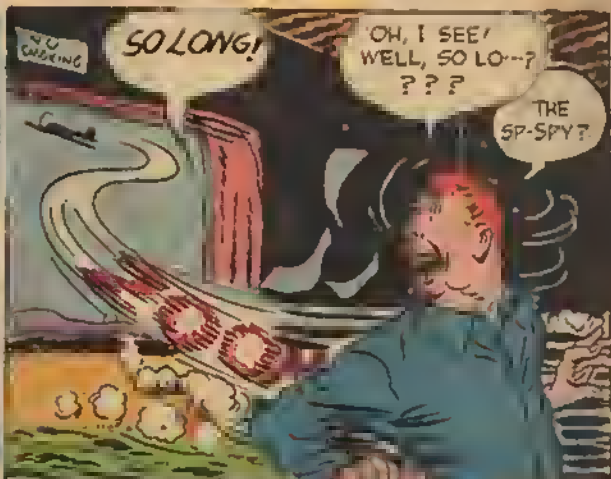
OH! IT'S YOU AGAIN, IS IT? CORPORAL COLLINS WAS VERY MAD!

I'LL TAKE THAT UP WITH HIM LATER! WHEEL OUT THAT CRATE WE CAME IN!



HE WAS ON THE TRAIL
OF A VERY DANGEROUS
SPY, AN' IT'LL BE YOUR
FAULT IF HE DOESN'T--
SAY! WHO'S
THAT?

HIM? OH HE'S
THE SPY!
GET IN, YOU!



SO LONG!

OH, I SEE!
WELL, SO LO--?
???

THE
SP-SPY?



BACK AT H.Q.

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB,
BUT THE LIST OF DUTCH
PATRIOTS IS A DANGER-
OUS THING TO LEAVE IN
HOLLAND! HOW COME YOU
DIDN'T GET IT?

OH, THAT!
WELL, IT WAS
THIS WAY, MAJOR.
WE----

**CORPORAL
COLLINS
IS BACK!**



THE LIST!
YOU GOT IT, MY
BOY! BUT I
THOUGHT--

DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING
BOYLE TELLS YOU! HE'S
A SUCKER FOR A PAIR
OF FALSE WHISKERS!



OH YEAH?
WHY IF WE LEFT
THIS JOB
YOU, YOU
NEVER
WOUL'DVE
GOTTEN
BACK!

IS THAT SO!
YOU WERE
DOIN' SWELL,
WEREN'T YOU,
WHEN I DROP-
PED THAT
BOOK ON THE
SPY'S HEAD!

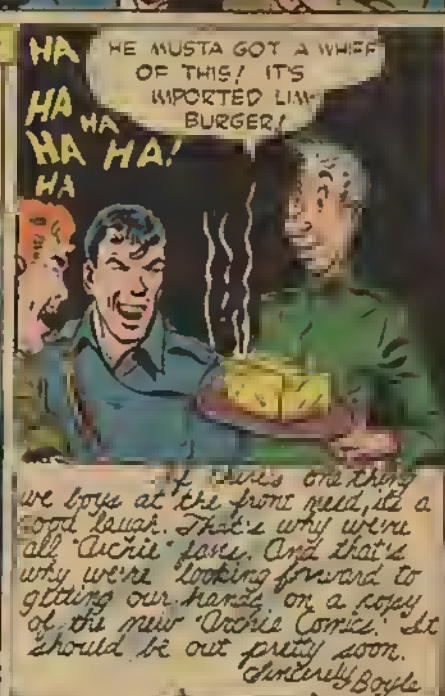
GENTLEMEN!
GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE!



THAT NIGHT THEY ARE TREATED
TO DINNER BY THE MAJOR

AND NOW, FOR
DESSERT, I HAVE
A SPECIAL
LITTLE
SURPRISE!

HEY TWERP!
AREN'T YOU
WAITIN' FOR
DESSERT??
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM?



HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

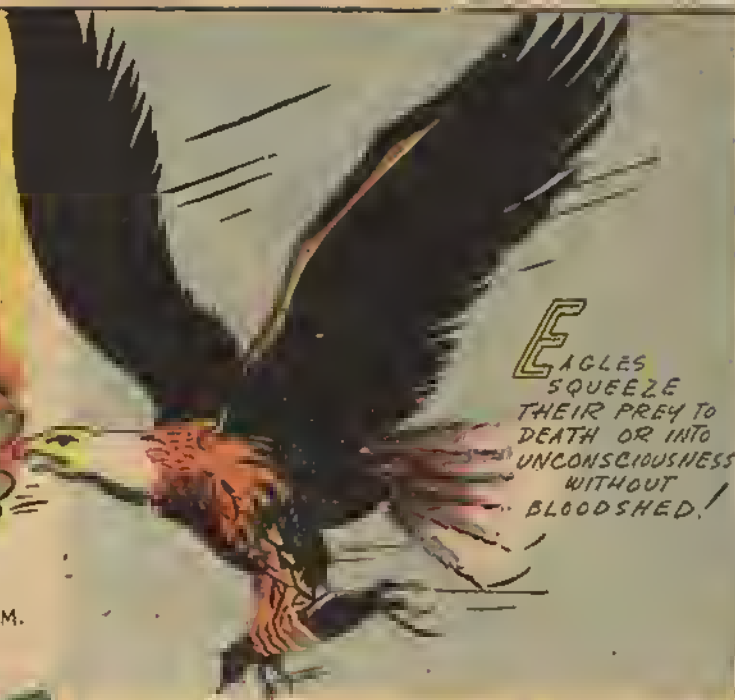
HE MUSTA GOT A WHIFF
OF THIS! IT'S
IMPORTED LIM-
BURGER!

*If there's one thing
we boys at the front need, it's a
good laugh. That's why we're
all 'Auchie' fans. And that's
why we're looking forward to
getting our hands on a copy
of the new 'Auchie Comics'. It
should be out pretty soon.
Sincerely Boyle*

WORLD WONDERS



PACK RATS OF THE DESERT PROTECT THEIR NESTS FROM PROWLING COYOTES BY PILING A WIDE PATH OF CACTUS AROUND THEM. THE RATS ARE LIGHT AND CAN RUN ON THE PRICKLY SPINES WHILE THE COYOTES ARE SO HEAVY THEY DARE NOT TRY TO CROSS THE CACTUS.



EAGLES SQUEEZE THEIR PREY TO DEATH OR INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA LIVE A TRIBE OF NEGRO DESCENDANTS WHO REVOLTED FROM THEIR DUTCH MASTERS ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO... HAVING RETURNED TO THEIR PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS, THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE **LOST TRIBE**



THE THOUSANDS OF TINY ISLANDS IN THE FLORIDA KEYS WERE MADE BY MANGROVE TREES WHICH GROW WHEREVER THEIR ROOTS STRIKE BOTTOM... DIRT WASHES AROUND THEM AND CLINGS TO THE ROOTS... SOON A NEW ISLAND APPEARS.

Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean



IN THE SUN BAKED MARKET PLACE OF THE CASBA, WE EAVESDROP ON THE CONVERSATION OF TWO OF ITS LOCAL BUSINESS MEN.

YOU ARE CRAZ' WEETH TH' HEAT, SEÑOR SIESTA! BECOMING A **BOOT-BLACK** EEN THEES CITY WHERE NOBODY EVEN **OWNS** A PAIR OF **SHOES**!

SI, SI, SANCHO! EES EET NOT WANDERFOOL! HO-HUM!

BUT ENOOF OF THEES SHOP TALK--- WHAT EES THAT **NOISE** THAT EES KEEPING ME AWAKE ?

JEEST A NEWSPAPER BLOWING ABOUT! (YAWN)

READ FOR ME TH' WEATHER REPORT, AMIGO, -- MY CORN HE EES NO LONGER RELIABLE !!

HOKAY, M' FRAN, EET SAY--CHILE TODAY-- HOT TAMALES! HO HO-HO-HO!

CARAMBA! SO YOU MAKE WEETH ME TH' BEEG JOKE! FOR THEES I BEAT YOU TO NOTHEENGs -- TOMORROW MAYBE 2-2-2.

SEÑOR SIESTA! LOOK QUEEK!



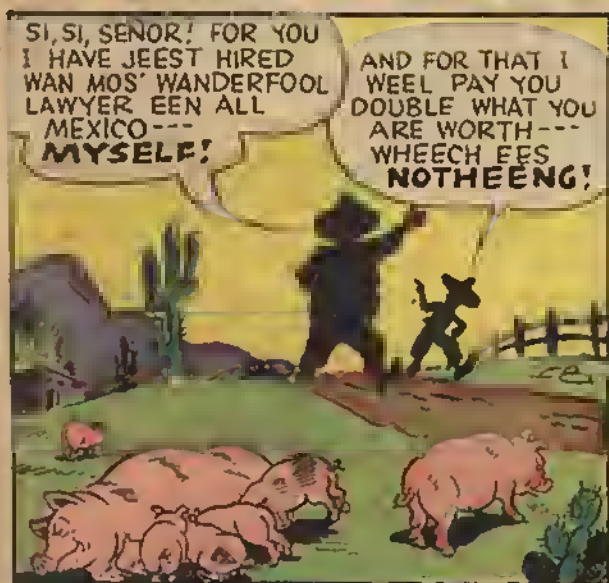
DIOS MIO! EET
EES **MY**
PEECTURE---
HOW MOOCH EES
TH' REWARD
THEES TIME??

PHOOF! NOTHEENG
LIKE THAT, SEÑOR
SIESTA! FOR YOU
THEES TIME EES
TH' **GOOD NEWS!**



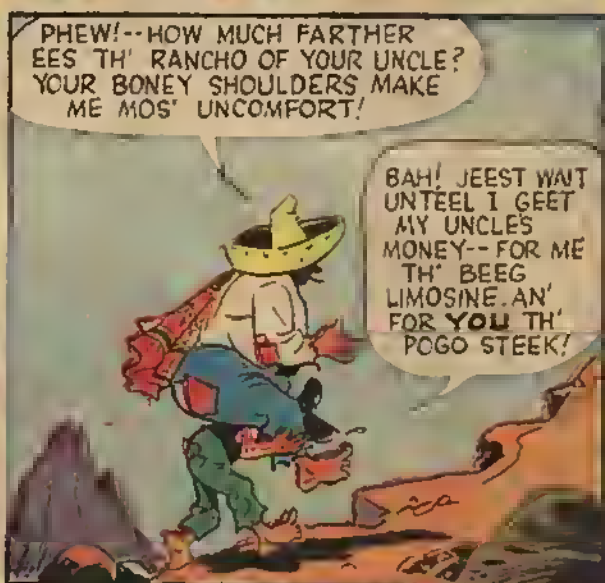
EET SAYS HERE YOUR
UNCLE, DON SHORIENO
DIED AND HAS
NAMED YOU HEES
SOLE HEIR! MY
LEETLE LOLLY
POPPSY, WE
EES **REECH!**

WE?



SI, SI, SEÑOR! FOR YOU
I HAVE JEEST HIRED
WAN MOS' WANDERFOOL
LAWYER EEN ALL
MEXICO---
MYSELF!

AND FOR THAT I
WEEL PAY YOU
DOUBLE WHAT YOU
ARE WORTH---
WHEECH EES
NOTHEENG!



PHEW!--HOW MUCH FARTHER
EES TH' RANCHO OF YOUR UNCLE?
YOUR BONEY SHOULDERS MAKE
ME MOS' UNCOMFORT!

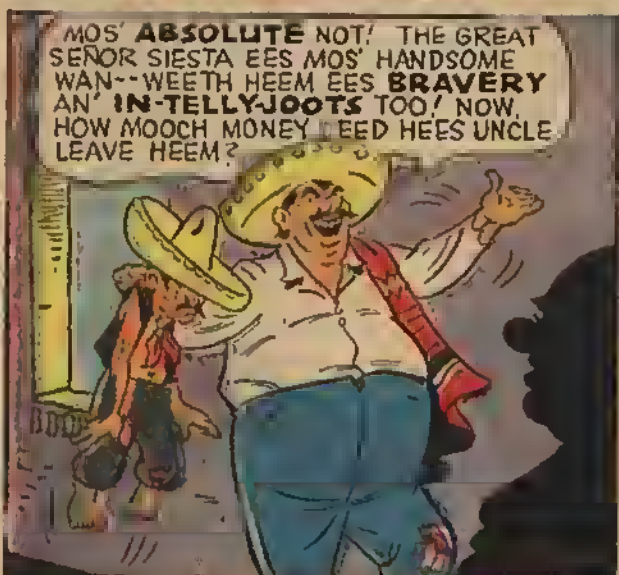
BAH! JEEST WAT
UNTEEL I GEET
MY UNCLE'S
MONEY-- FOR ME
TH' BEEG
LIMOSINE. AN'
FOR YOU TH'
POGO STEEK!



WE ARRIVE,
SANCHE! THEES
EES TH'
RANCHO OF
MY UNCLE!

AH, MUCHO GRANDE!
BEE-U-TIFOOL!!
HEEM SURELY WAS
A MAN OF MOS'
IMPORTANCE ---
LOOK! ALL HEES
FRANS HAVE
COME TO MOURN!

WE ARE NOT
ZE FRANS,
PEON, WE ARE
BILL
COLLECTORS!

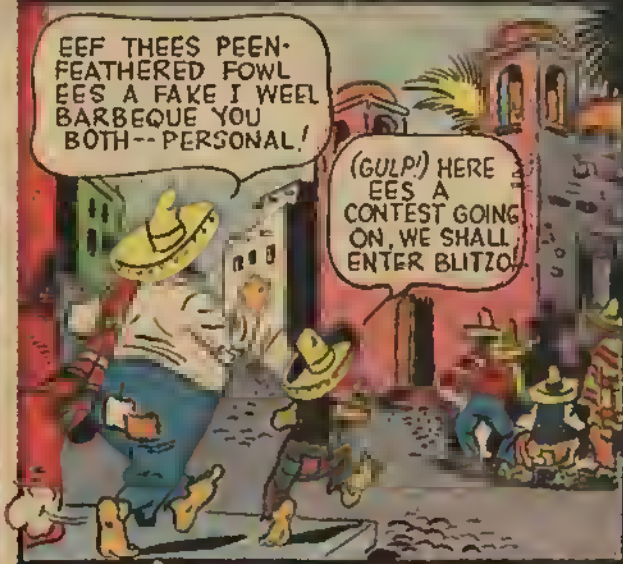


WEETH THEES BIRD YOU WEEL REALIZE
A **FORTUNE**, SEÑORES, FOR HE EES THE
CHAMPENO FIGHTING COCK IN ALL
MEXICO -- BUT NEVER MENTION
CHEEKEN ZOUP EEN HIS
PRESENCE FOR THEES ALWAYS
CAUSES HEEM TO FAINT!



EET THEES PEEN-
FEATHERED FOWL
EES A FAKE I WEEL
BARBEQUE YOU
BOTH-- PERSONAL!

(GULP!) HERE
EES A
CONTEST GOING
ON, WE SHALL
ENTER BLITZO!



I HAVE BET EVERYTHING ON THEES,
SIESTA, DOWN TO OUR SHIRTS
AND THE ZOOT SUIT!

GO TO HEEM,
MY LEETLE
DOVE!



**BLITZO
EES
WINNAH!**

**BRAVO,
BLITZO!**



THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE A
REPETITION--- BLITZO HAS PROVEN
HIMSELF A CHAMPION AND GOLD
MINE TO OUR DUSKY HEROES!

LOOK, SANCHE,
AGAIN WE
HAVE WON!

HOKAY, AMIGO, BUT YOU
PEEK OOP THE MONEYS
THEES TIME--MY BACK
SHE EES GETTING
MOS' TIRED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTOOD
YOU, SANCHE, YOU SEED
YOU WOULD NEVER
WASH EEN YOUR LIFE
AND NOW YOU ARE
EEN BATH SEEX TIME
A DAY?!

SI, SI-- BUT WEETH
CHAMPAGNE,
AH, EET EES SO
BEAU-TI-FOOL!!



WITH FAME AND FORTUNE SMILING ON THEM,
SEÑOR SIESTA AND SANCHO FIND LIFE
BEAUTIFUL INDEED--UNTIL A MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER ACCOSTS THEM----

BUENOS DÍAS, SEÑORES! I HAVE
A BIRD THAT I BELIEVE CAN BEAT
YOUR CHAMPEEN--AS FOR THE
STAKES THE SKY EES THE LIMIT!
DOES THEES INTEREST YOU, NO?

SI, SI,
FOOLISH
WAN!

NAME THE
TIME AN' PLACE!

HERE AND NOW!
AND EES TEN
THOUSAN' PESOS
TOO STEEP FOR
YOU?

HMMM--TEN
THOUSAND
EES OUR
WHOLE
BANK-ROLL,
SEÑOR!

EES HOKAY,
SIESTA,
WE WEEL
DOUBLE
OUR MONEY!
HO!HO!HO!

VER' WELL, SEÑORS,
HERE EES MY
BIRD! MAKE
READY!!

A PARROT??
HO!HO! THEES
WEEL BE
MOS' FUNNY!

SIC HEEM,
BLITZO!!

GRRRK!

AWK!
GULP!

AWK!
**CHEEKEN
ZOUZ!
CHEEKEN
ZOUZ!!**

FLOP

SEÑORES,
I WEEN!!

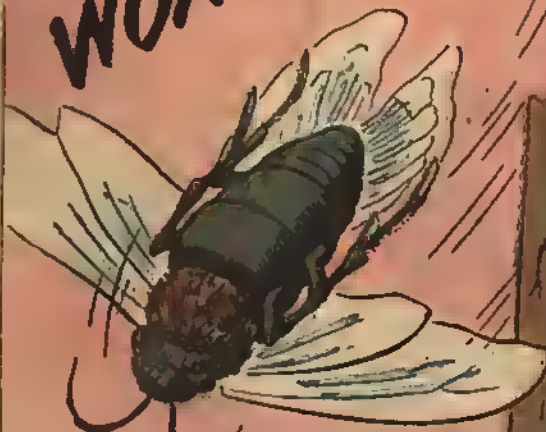
SOOO! EET EES YOU--
--THE LAWYER!!

HE GEEVE
US THE
CROSS-
DOUBLE!!

YOU KNOW, SANCHO,
I LOVED LEETLE
BLITZO----
DEEDN'T YOU??

EET HE EES
TENDER---
YES!!

WORLD WONDERS



"KILLER"

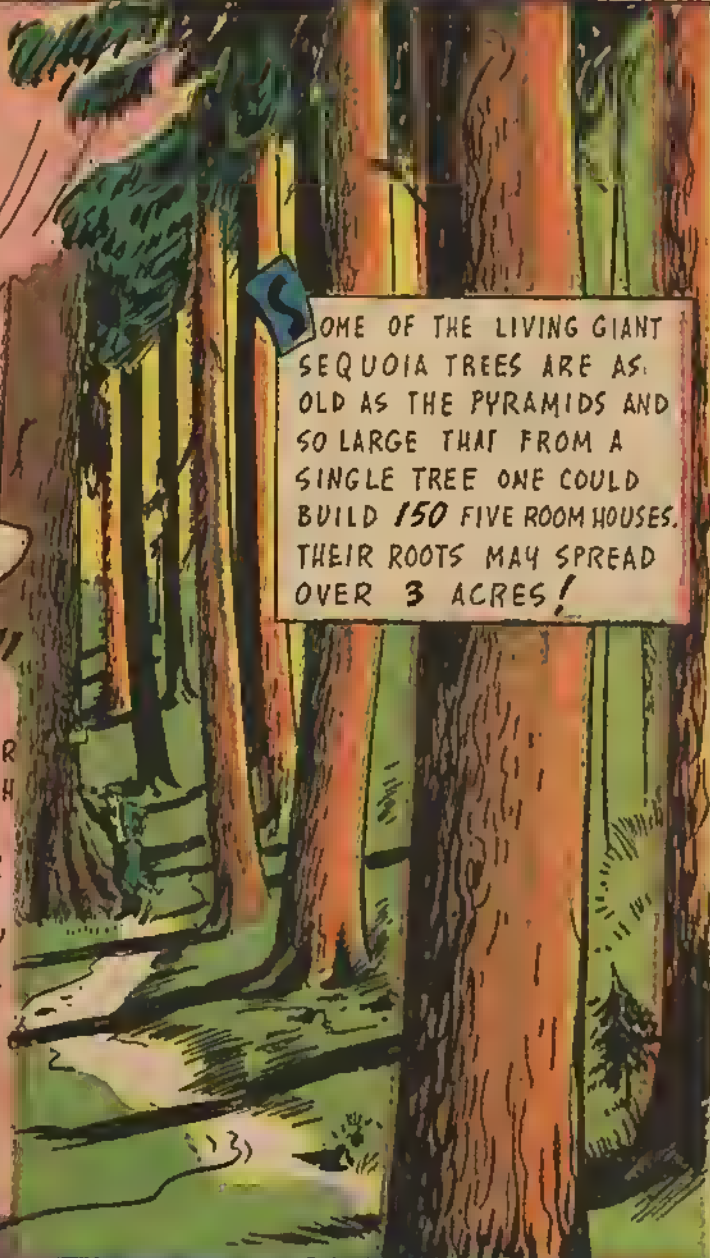


THE CICADA-KILLER IS A WASP WHICH ATTACKS THE CICADA INSECT IN DARING AIR BATTLES. DIVING UPON IT, THE WASP QUICKLY PARALYZES HER FOE. THE HELPLESS VICTIM IS THEN CARRIED TO THE UNDERGROUND HOME WHERE THE BABY WASPS EAT THE CICADA ALIVE!



PELICANS

LOSE THEIR VOICES AFTER THEY GROW UP!

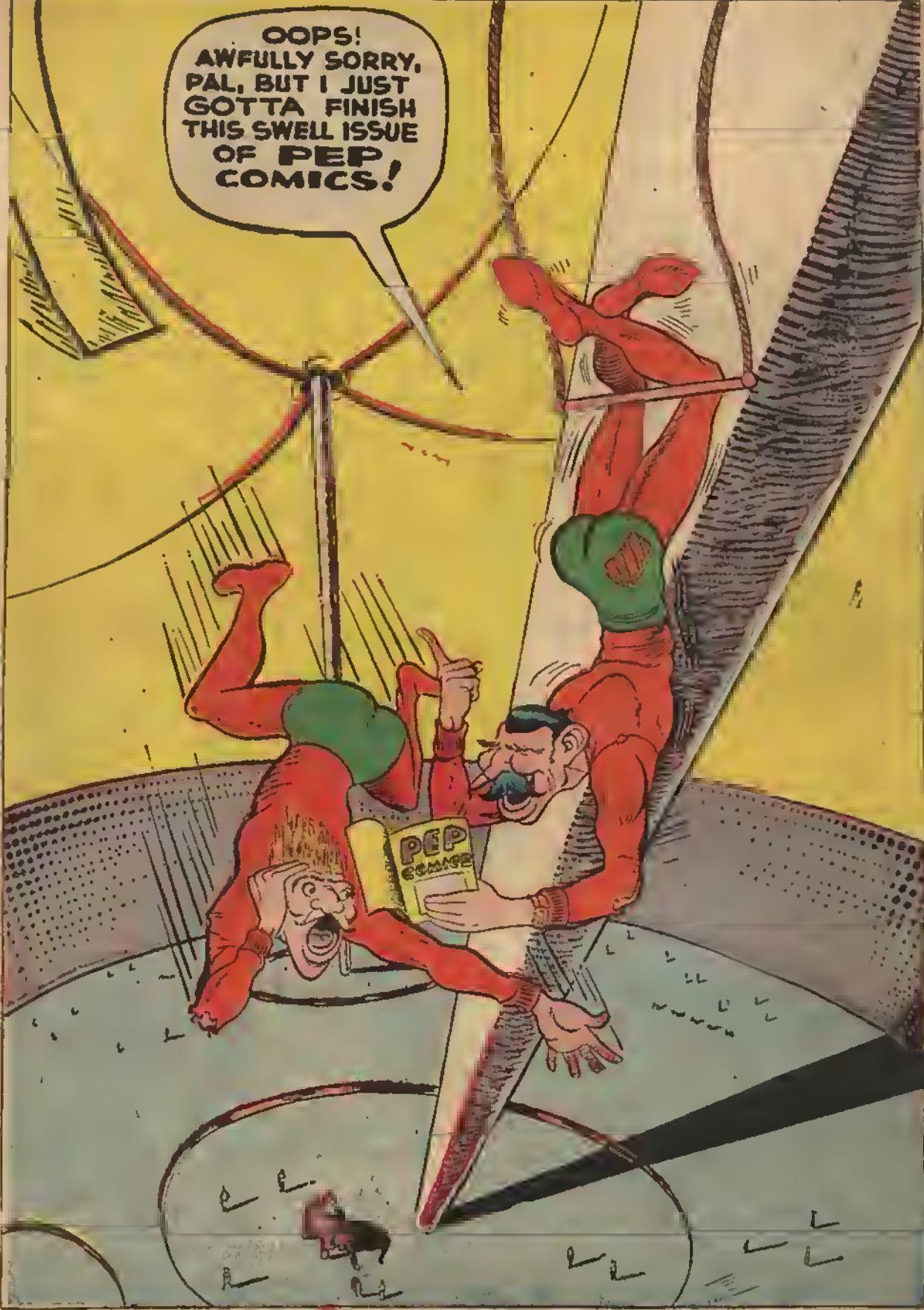


SOME OF THE LIVING GIANT SEQUOIA TREES ARE AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS AND SO LARGE THAT FROM A SINGLE TREE ONE COULD BUILD 150 FIVE ROOM HOUSES. THEIR ROOTS MAY SPREAD OVER 3 ACRES!



THE CHAMELEON HAS A TONGUE LONGER THAN ITS BODY... A 7 INCH CHAMELEON MAY HAVE A TONGUE OF 12 INCHES!

OOPS!
AWFULLY SORRY,
PAL, BUT I JUST
GOTTA FINISH
THIS SWELL ISSUE
OF **PEP**
COMICS!





THE GREEKS HAD A GRIM LEG-
END ABOUT A GIRL NAMED PAN-
DORA...WHO OPENED A BOX OF
EVIL AND RELEASED TERROR ON
THE WORLD. YES, THE GREEKS
CALLED IT LEGEND, A MADE-UP
STORY...BUT WHAT IF IT WERE
TRUE? WHAT IF SOMEWHERE, IN
SOME DANK AND FETID CAVERN,
A PANDORA'S BOX REALLY LIES,
FILLED WITH UNDEAD SPIRITS
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN
THE BOX AND RELEASE THEM?
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS
BOX WERE FOUND...AND OPEN-
ED?...READ THIS STORY AND
SEE...

HALF HIDDEN BY THE BARE, STARK TREES
ON DEATH'S ROCK STANDS THE
HOUSE OF MURDOCK HUME,
WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR
OF ANTIQUES...



OH, IT'S
YOU, PROFESSOR
PIERCE!
COME IN!.....
COME IN! I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!

HELLO, HUME,
WHAT'S ALL THE
MYSTERY YOU
MENTIONED ON
THE PHONE?



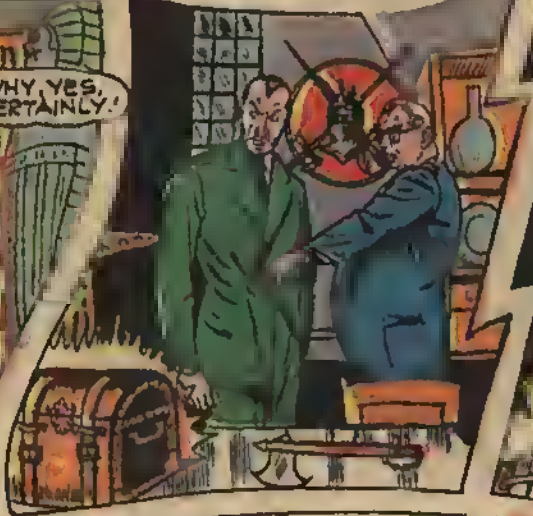
PROFESSOR, I'VE
ACQUIRED AN ITEM WHICH
NEEDS YOUR VERIFICATION
YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON
LEGENDS, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S IT! OF COURSE THERE
MAY BE NOTHING IN IT - BUT
WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS
IT PANDORA'S BOX?

GOOD LORD! IT DOES
LOOK LIKE IT! PAN-
DORA'S BOX DISCOV-
ERED AFTER ALL
THESE CENTURIES!
I'LL MAKE THE TEST -
AND TRY THE
INCANTATION!



WHY, YES,
CERTAINLY!



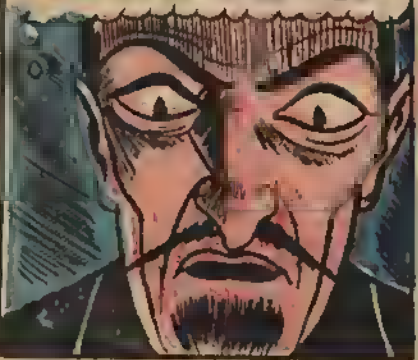
BOX OF PANDORA,
VEILED FROM MAN'S EYES
AVENGE THE DEATH
OF FLAME FROM THE SKIES.
IN YOU THE DEVIL'S EVIL LIES!

WELL, WHAT
DO YOU THINK?
YOU LOOKED
AS THOUGH YOU
WERE MUMBLING
SOMETHING!

NO-NOTHING
AT ALL!

I'LL HAVE
THIS TREASURE
FOR MYSELF!

PANDORA KILL
THE ONE I WILL!
THE NAME IS
MURDOCK HUME!



IN THE TWINKLING OF AN INSTANT A
STRANGE SPRITE SPRINGS OUT OF
PANDORA'S BOX...

AND MURDOCK LEAPS ON
MURDOCK HUME'S
SHOULDER...

N- NOTHING!

HEAVENS, THE
SPRITE IS
THERE! IT
WILL NOW
DO MY
BIDDING!

WHAT IS IT? YOU
LOOK SO STARTLED!

I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE BARKING
UP THE WRONG
TREE - THIS IS
NOT PANDORA'S
BOX - WHEW -
IT'S HOT IN
HERE!

LET'S
STEP OUT
ON THE
VERANDA FOR A
MOMENT! SO THERE'S
NOTHING IN IT, EH?
TOO BAD, TOO
BAD!

HMM... A
STORM
SEEMS TO
BE COMING
UP!

FUNNY! THERE
WASN'T A CLOUD
IN THE SKY
WHEN YOU
CAME!

LIESURELY THE
DUO MAKES FOR THE
OPEN GROUND...

...STRAIGHT FOR THE
HEAD OF MURDOCK
HUME! THE SPRITE
DANCES GLEEFULLY ON
HIS SHOULDER...

AND SUDDENLY THE
MIGHTY WRATH OF THE HEAVENS
IS UNLEASHED... SILVER SPIKES OF
ELECTRICITY FLASH THROUGH THE VOID...

DEAD, STRUCK BY
THE SLAVES OF
PANDORA!



NOW THE BOX IS MINE!
ALL MINE! MONEY! POWER!



SUDDENLY HUMES DAUGHTER,
ANN, ENTERS

WHY, PROFESSOR
PIERCE? WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE TO-
NIGHT?

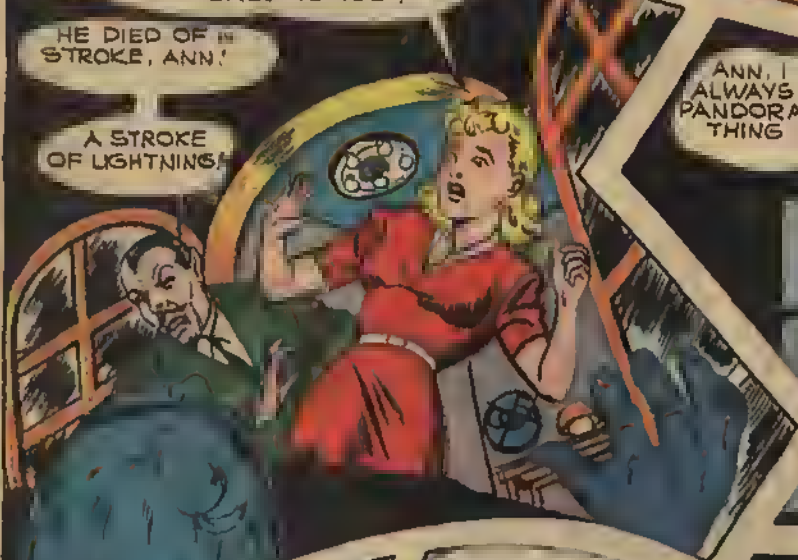
DEATH, MY
FAIR ONE!



DEATH... OH NO! FATHER, WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU?

HE DIED OF
STROKE, ANN!

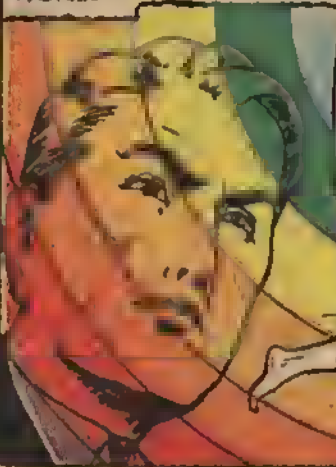
A STROKE
OF LIGHTNING!



ANN, I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED YOU!
ALWAYS! NOW I HAVE THE POWER OF
PANDORA'S BOY - EVERY LIVING
THING MUST DO MY BIDDING!



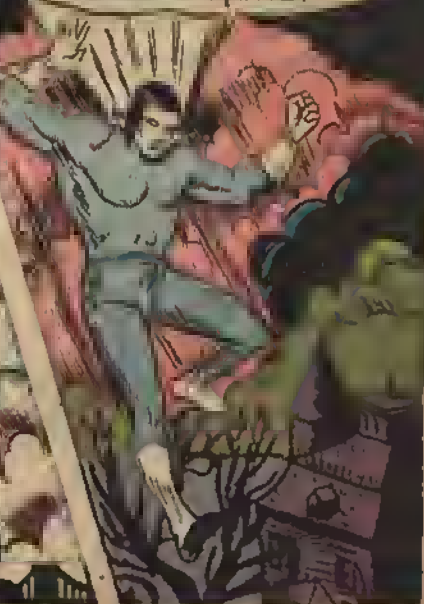
MILES AWAY MR.
JUSTICE SENSES THE
PRESENCE OF ALIEN
SPIRITS IN THE ASTRAL
WORLD.

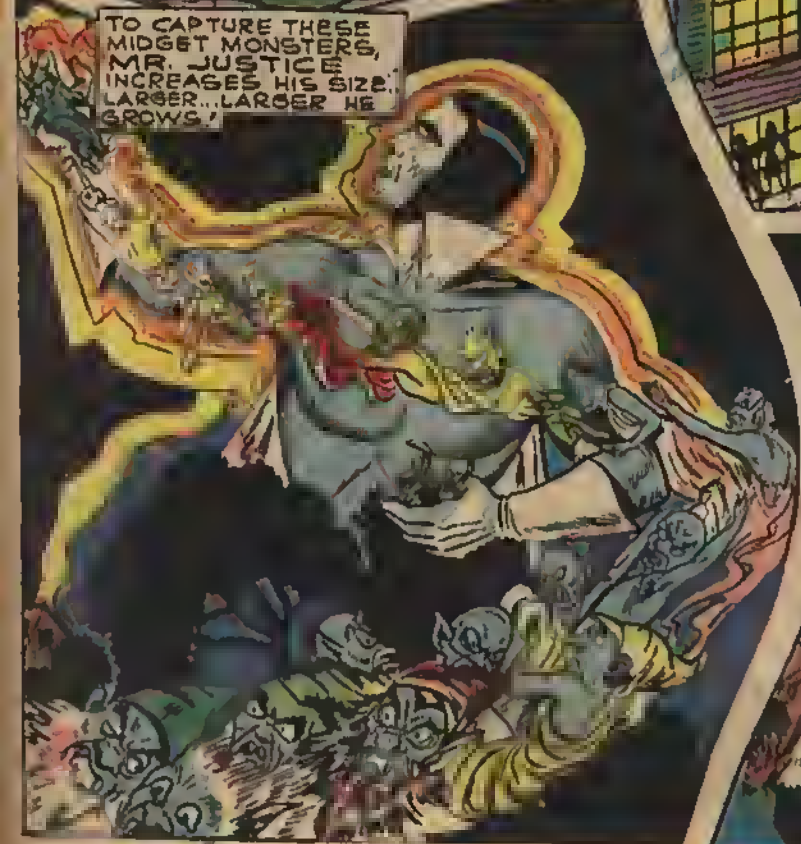
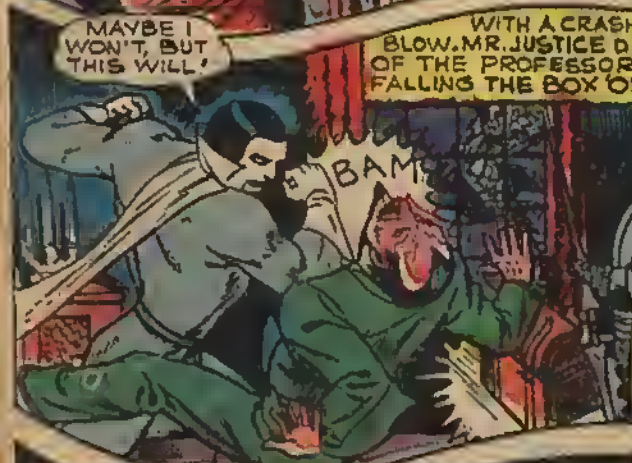
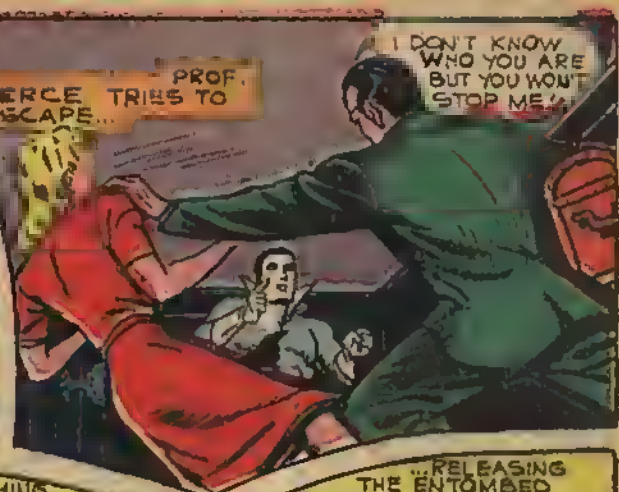


WHOEVER
THESE SPIRITS ARE
THEY EMANATE
FORBODING DOOM,
STRONGER THAN ANY
OTHER I'VE EVER RE-
CEIVED!



THIS IS THE PLACE! HOPE
I'M NOT TOO LATE!





THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT FURTHER GRIEF
AND TROUBLE THOSE
SPRITES WILL BRING
UPON THIS ALREADY
TROUBLED WORLD!

GIVE ME THAT
BOX, IF YOU
WANT TO LIVE,
PROFESSOR!

YOU MAY HIT ME
BUT YOU CAN'T FRIGHT-
EN ME! AND IF I CAN'T
HAVE PANDORA'S
BOX...

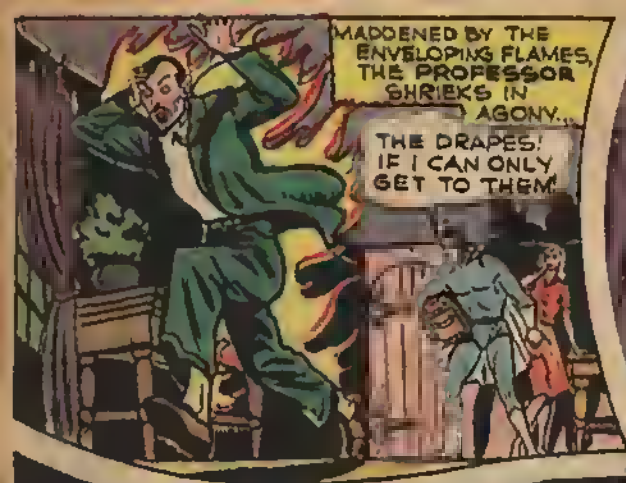
...NEITHER
WILL YOU... AS
SURE AS MY NAME'S
GORK PIERCE!

... AND THE MOMENT
THE PROFESSOR INVOKES
HIS OWN NAME...

A WILD FLAME
OF DEATH LANCES OUT
SEARING PROFESSOR
GORK PIERCE...

FLAMES CAN'T
DEVOUR THAT
EVIL BOX!

BUT I
KNOW OF THE
BEST WAY TO GET
RID OF IT! GOOD LORD!
THERE GOES THE
PROFESSOR!

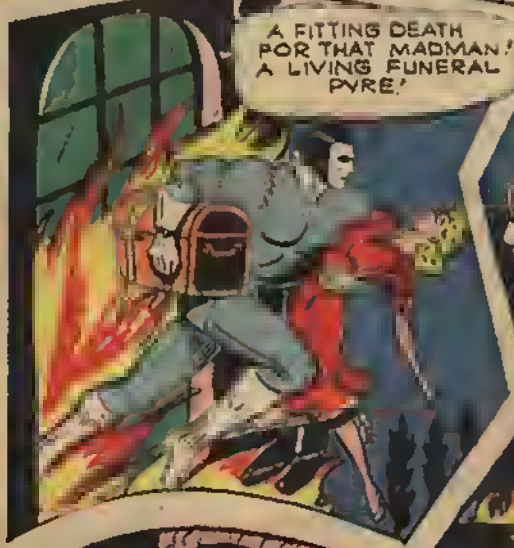


MADDENED BY THE
ENVELOPING FLAMES,
THE PROFESSOR
SHRIEKS IN
AGONY...

THE DRAPES!
IF I CAN ONLY
GET TO THEM!



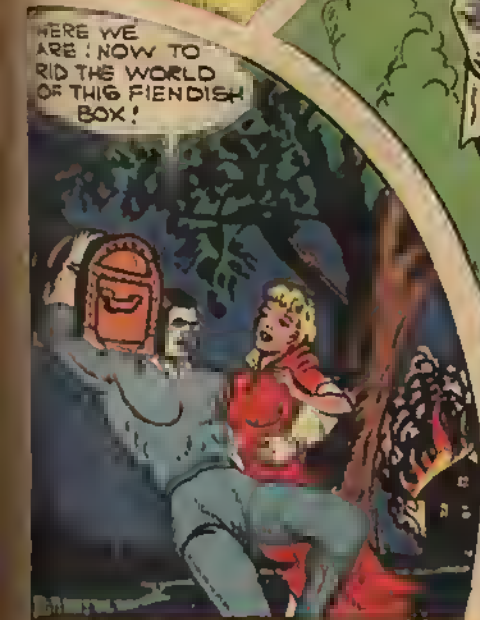
IT'S TOO LATE!
I'LL BARELY
HAVE TIME TO
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE!



A FITTING DEATH
FOR THAT MADMAN!
A LIVING FUNERAL
PYRE!



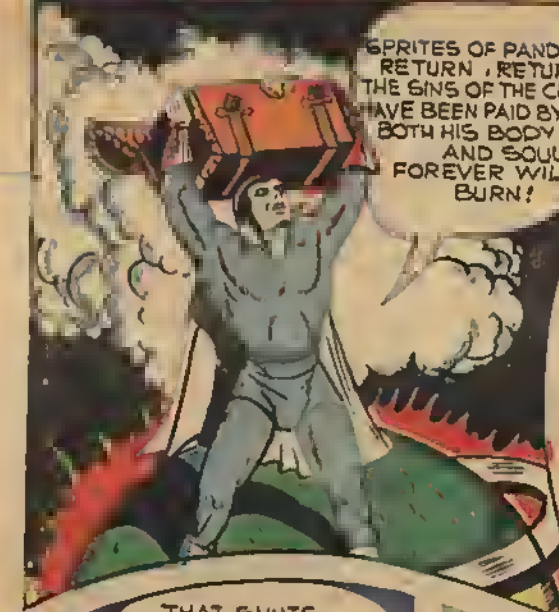
I'LL HAVE YOU SAFE
IN A MOMENT. THEN
I'VE PLENTY TO
ATTEND TO!



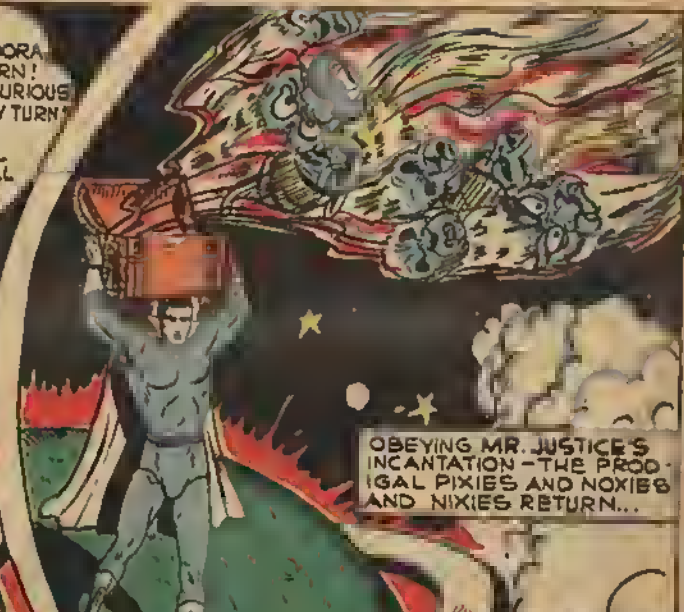
HERE WE
ARE: NOW TO
RID THE WORLD
OF THIS FIENDISH
BOX!




THE PEAK OF
THE UNIVERSE -
OUT OF ASTRAL
REACH OF THE
WORLD! FROM
THERE I CAN
DESTROY THIS
CHEST!

Mr. Justice, a man in a blue suit with a white cape, stands on a green hill. He holds a large, ornate chest with both hands above his head. The chest is decorated with red and gold patterns. In the background, there are stylized clouds and a red, jagged horizon line.

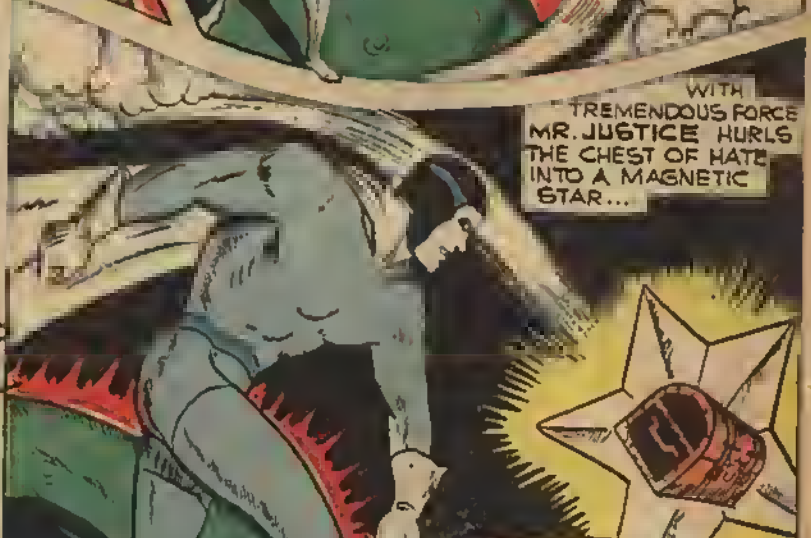
SPRITES OF PANDORA,
RETURN, RETURN!
THE SINS OF THE CURIOUS
HAVE BEEN PAID BY TURN
BOTH HIS BODY
AND SOUL
FOREVER WILL
BURN!

Mr. Justice is shown from the waist up, holding the chest of hate. He is looking upwards. The background features a dark sky with stars and a large, swirling, colorful cloud or smoke formation.

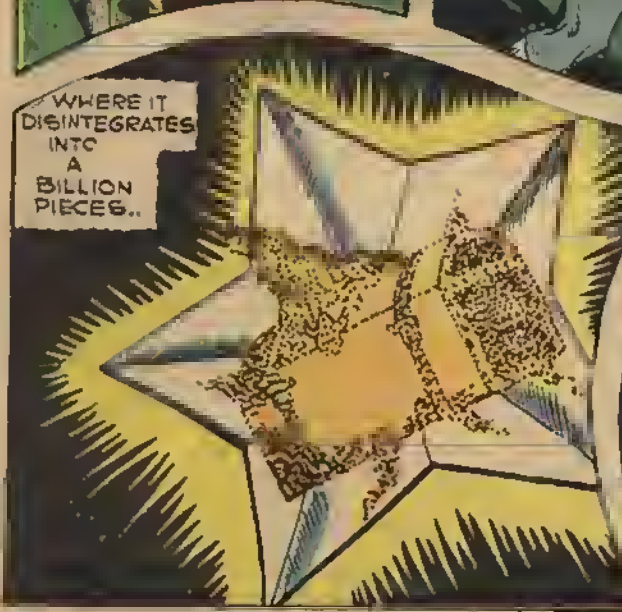
OBEYING MR. JUSTICE'S
INCANTATION - THE PRO-
DIGAL PIXIES AND NOXIES
AND NIXIES RETURN...

Mr. Justice is kneeling on the green hill, opening the chest of hate. He is looking into the chest. The chest is open, revealing a dark interior. The background shows the same stylized clouds and red horizon.

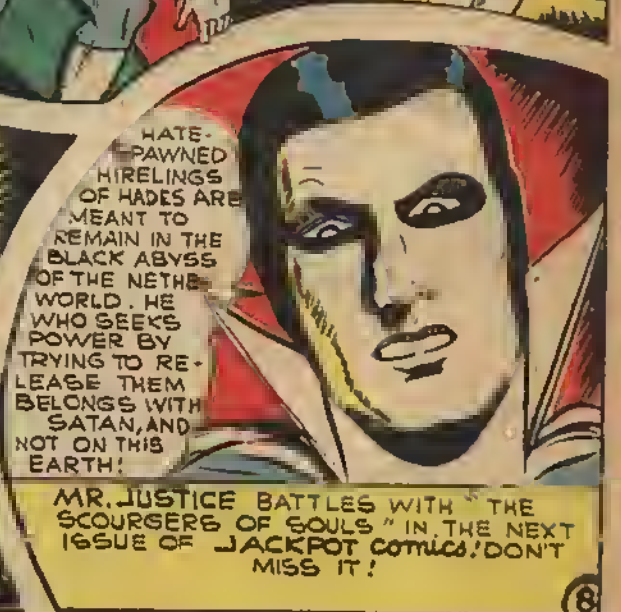
THAT SHUTS
THEM BACK WHERE
THEY BELONG!

Mr. Justice is shown from the side, leaning forward and hurling the chest of hate. The chest is in the air, and a large, bright star is visible in the background. The background also shows the stylized clouds and red horizon.

WITH
TREMENDOUS FORCE
MR. JUSTICE HURLS
THE CHEST OF HATE
INTO A MAGNETIC
STAR...

The chest of hate is shown disintegrating into a large, bright star. The star is composed of many small, glowing pieces. The background shows the stylized clouds and red horizon.

WHERE IT
DISINTEGRATES
INTO
A
BILLION
PIECES..

A close-up of Mr. Justice's face. He has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. He is wearing his blue suit and white cape. The background is dark with some red and yellow highlights.

HATE-
PAWNED
HIRELINGS
OF HADES ARE
MEANT TO
REMAIN IN THE
BLACK ABYSS
OF THE NETHE-
WORLD. HE
WHO SEEKS
POWER BY
TRYING TO RE-
LEASE THEM
BELONGS WITH
SATAN, AND
NOT ON THIS
EARTH!

MR. JUSTICE BATTLES WITH "THE
SCOURGERS OF SOULS" IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF JACKPOT COMICS! DON'T
MISS IT!

Archie

by
Montana

BOY! THIS IS
GREAT! I'VE GOT ALL
MY SHOPPING DONE AND
I STILL HAVE \$4.95
LEFT!

WITH
SEASON'S GREET-
INGS AND BEST WISH-
ES FOR A GOOD YEAR
—WE BRING YOU—
ARCHIE ANDREWS'

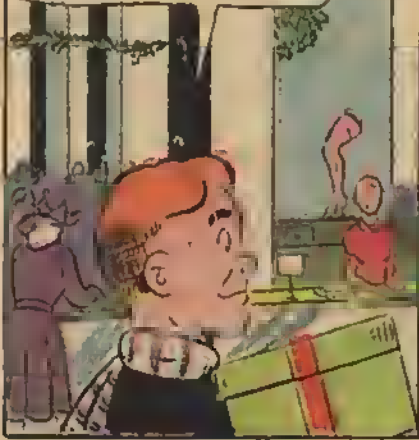
Christmas
Story



GEE, WHAT A SWELL
FAIR OF SKIS!
WELL, I'LL BE....
\$4.95! NOW ISN'T
THAT A COINCIDENCE?



FUNNY NOBODY EVER GIVES ME SKIIS FOR CHRISTMAS ! HMMM.... GUESS THERE'S NO HARM IN JUST LOOKING AT THEM. ...AN' I DON'T NEEED THE \$4.95 ANYWAY !



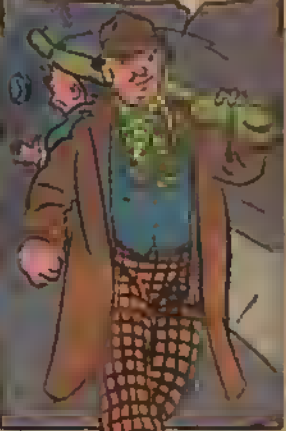
IF ARCHIE ONLY KNEW HIS DAD WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POST.



THAT'LL BE \$4.95, MR. ANDREWS ! MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS !

ARCHIE'LL NEVER EXPECT TO GET SKIIS HEH. .I WAS QUITE A SKIIER MYSELF WHEN I WHEN I WAS A LAD !



MY, WON'T ARCHIE BE SURPRISED ! HE'S ALWAYS WANTED SKIIS ! I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AS A SURPRISE — EVEN FROM FATHER UNTIL CHRISTMAS MORNING !



HOLY SMOKE! IF MOTHER FINDS OUT I BOUGHT SKIS FOR ARCHIE TOO-IT WILL SPOIL HER WHOLE CHRISTMAS!



GOOD LORD! DAD'S BOUGHT SKIS FOR ARCHIE TOO! HE WOULD!



BU-B-BUT MR. ANDREWS. I...

NOW NEVER MIND, JUGHEAD! YOU'RE A GOOD PAL TO ARCHIE. MERRY CHRISTMAS!



CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHILE THE ANDREWS' TREE TRIMMING TEAM IS IN ITS SECOND CHILDHOOD, I THINK I'LL GET RID OF THOSE SKIS! NO SENSE IN ARCHIE HAVING TWO PAIRS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS JUGHEAD! HERE'S A PRESENT... AND I'LL BET YOU CAN TELL JUST WHAT'S IN IT BY THE SHAPE!



YEAH, SURE! THEY'RE SKIS! SAY, YOU ANDREWS ARE SURE IN A RUT!

HMMM! I WONDER WHAT JUGHEAD MEANT BY SAYING HE ONLY HAD TWO LEGS?



CHRISTMAS MORN

WELL, ER.. I GUESS WE'VE OPENED THEM ALL.. HUH, HAVEN'T WE, DAD?

I GUESS SO! ER.. MOTHER, HAVEN'T YOU.. ER SOMETHING MORE FOR ARCHIE?

WHY, NO, HAVEN'T YOU?



BY GOLLY, I'M GOING BACK TO JUGHEAD'S AND GET MY SKIS BACK WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!



WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY?



THE NERVE OF
THAT GUY CHARGING
ME \$2.00 TO BUY
MY OWN SKIS
BACK!

WHY, LOOK!
MOTHER DID
GIVE ARCHIE
HIS SKIS!

EE HEE,
YOU SLY
OLD RASCAL!

NEXT DAY - ARCHIE
CALLS UP VERONICA
LODGE...

HELLO,
BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT'S COOKIN'?

HEH, HEH!
YOU'RE A
DEVIL
MOTHER!

READY TO
SIZZLE 'WHATS
ON THE FIRE
COOKIE?

OH, I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE
TO HOP A SNOW TRAIN
FOR GILFORD, N.H., AND
TAKE IN SOME WINTER
SPORTS SATURDAY!

OH ARCHIE!
I'D JUST LOVE
TO! I ADORE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
IN THE WINTER!

SATURDAY

BOY,
SOME TURN-
OUT - MUH,
VERONICA!

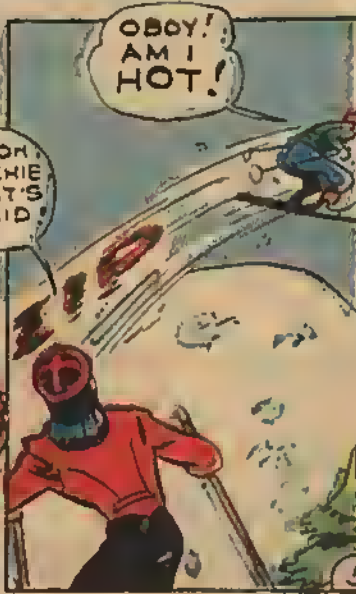
OMIGOSH!
JUGHEAD
AGAIN!

HEY! GET
YOUR SKIS
HERE FOR
THE SNOW
TRAIN!

SKIS
FOR RENT
CHEAP!

ALL-A-BOOOARD!

FOR GILFORD, LACONIA,
MEREDITH, NEW HAMP-
TON, PLYMOUTH, HOLD-
ERNESS, ELLSWORTH,
WOODSTOCK, FRANCONIA
AND ALL POINTS
NORTH!



ARCHIE!
ARCHIE!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

J-J JUST
COOLING
OFF!

COME ON,
ARCHIE, LET'S
GO UP THE
CHAIR LIFT
AND SKI DOWN
MOUNT ROWE!

HUH? UP
THERE? I-ER
GOSH-UM-WE'VE
GOT PLENTY OF
TIME FOR
THAT!

WELL, I'M
GOING UP
EVEN IF
YOU'RE
NOT!

OKAY!
OKAY!
I'LL HELP
YOU ON
THE CHAIR!

S LONG,
VERONICA
AN' BE
CAREFUL!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

SORRY, BUDDY
BUT THAT'S NO
PLACE TO
STAND!

YOU...YOU...
COME BACK AND
FIGHT LIKE
A MAN!

H-HEY!!
WHAT...?

JEEPERS!
I THINK I
LEFT MY
STOMACH
BACK THERE!

AT THE TOP!

WHY, ARCHIE!
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE
COMING UP!

NEITHER DID
I ER. I MEAN
I CHANGED
MY MIND
SUDDENLY!
HEH HEH!

WELL?
ARE YOU
GOING DOWN,
VERONICA?

YOU CAN
GO FIRST,
ARCHIE! PUT
YOUR SKIS!
ON!

W-WELL
I'M ALL
READY
I GUESS!

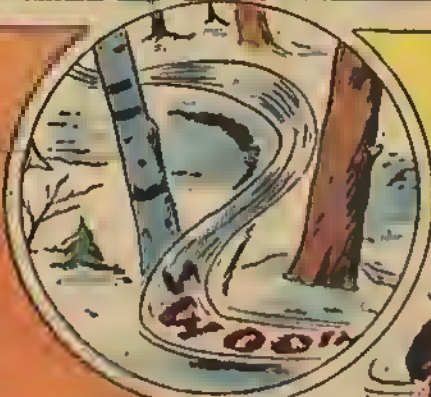
ARCHIE
ANDREWS!
LOOK AT
YOUR GRIS!

HA! WELL, WHAT'A
YA KNOW? I'VE
GOT 'EM ON BACK-
WARDS! OH,
WELL, I'LL
JUST TURN
AROUND!

BUT NOW YOU'RE
POINTING THE
WRONG WAY...
ARCHIE!
ARE YOU
STALLING?

HEY!
STOP ME!
I'M MOVING!
I'M SLIPPING!

OoOoO OH!
STOP HIM,
SOMEBODY!
HE'S GOING
DOWN BACK-
WARDS!



YIIII!!
FIRST IT WAS 'LIL
MICE WITH SNOW-
SHOES. N'C NOW
ISK 'LIL MEN
SHKING BACK
WARDS N'C I
KNEW I SHOULD
N'A TOUCHED
IT!

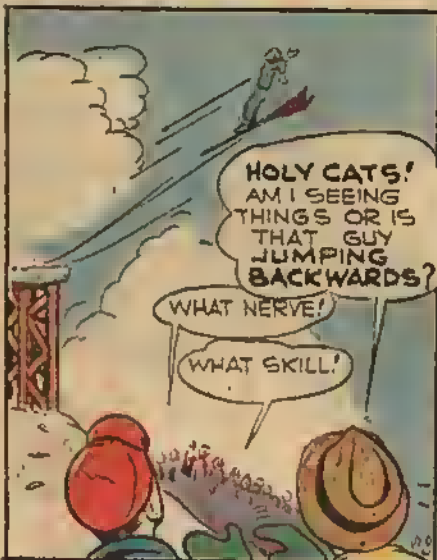




WELL, WE'RE
ALL READY FOR
HANS REINMAN'S
JUMP!



WHAT
IN...?



HOLY CATS!
AM I SEEING
THINGS OR IS
THAT GUY
JUMPING
BACKWARDS?

WHAT NERVE!

WHAT SKILL!



WHAT A CRASH..



NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK TO
RIVERDALE... THAT'S WHAT THEY
DID WITH ARCHIE...

ARCHIE DEAR
JUGHEAD IS HERE
TO SEE YOU! HE'S
BEEN WAITING
ALL DAY!



H'LO, ARCHIE!
THOUGHT MAYBE
YOU'D LIKE TO
BUY ANOTHER
PAIR OF SKIS
... CHEAP!



IN CASE YOU
HAVEN'T HEARD
THE NEWS YET—
HERE IT IS. HOLD
YOUR BREATH!
ARCHIE IS IN A
MAGAZINE ALL
HIS OWN, NOW
AND APPEARING
IN THE SAME MAG-
AZINE, "CUBBY".
"SQUOIMY, D'
WOIM "JUDGE
OWL" AND "BUMBLE
THE BEE-TECTIVE"
LOOK FOR...

ARCHIE
COMICS!
IT'S
SENSATIONAL!

Jim Prentice ANNOUNCES HIS ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Hi Boys!

These new Electric Games are built on sturdy Wood frames size 14 x 16 inches. Electrically Illuminated Colorful Handsomely Engraved Playing Fields. BE SURE you get yours this Christmas!

**One Minute to Play--
70 yds. Down the field**

THIS is just one of 176 exciting moments you face playing Jim Prentice's new idea of America's Greatest Game. You get all the breath-taking thrills, the hours of good fun, making long field goals, intercepting forwards, bucking the line, winging bullet-like passes, blocking, tackling, smearing, fake kicks, trick plays, and so on.

You call the plays and direct the strategy. If you know winning football and out-smart your opponent you gain more and lose less yards as the little pigskin moves up and down the field. The uncertainties of an actual game are ever present, always providing a fighting chance for the team that's trailing.

This is the greatest game ever invented, America's No. One Best Seller. Comes in an attractive gift box. \$2. postpaid. Batteries available at your neighborhood store.

Electric Baseball

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Provides plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for test baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" Complete with new Electric features: Runners, Lighted Scoring Device, etc. In delightfully gift box. \$2.00



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW — AVOID CHRISTMAS RUSH

ELECTRIC GAME COMPANY, INC.
22 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Amount
Enclosed

— ELECTRIC FOOTBALL \$2, less Batteries.

— ELECTRIC BASEBALL \$2, less Batteries.

Name

Address

Phone

\$2 less Batteries

**ORDER
EARLY!**

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



32 PC.
DINNER
SET

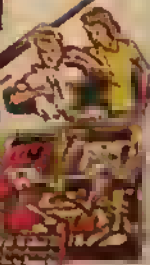
Girls!
Boys!
Get this fine
'ROSE' DIN-
NER SET for mother. Sell only
one order. Sent Ex-
pressage
Collect



GIRLS! You'll
love this FULL
SIZE TOILET &
MANICURE
SET. Given for
selling only one
order.



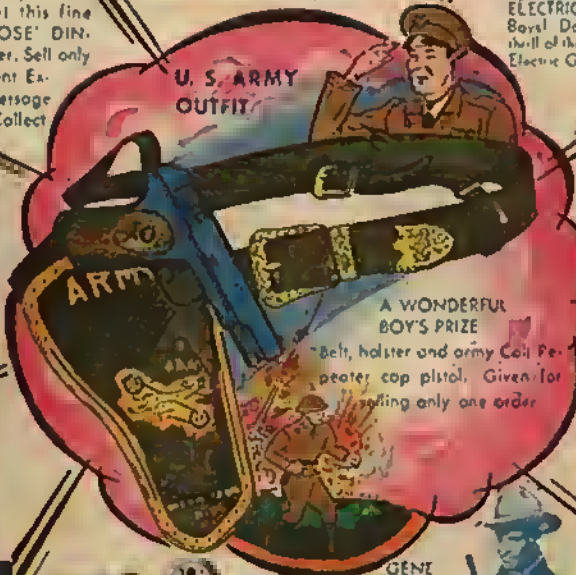
JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME
Boys! Don't miss the
thrill of this fast moving
Electric Game



Boys!
Girls!
Get this
famous
Chemistry Set,
without
cost.



NEW
CANDID TYPE CAMERA
Easy to focus, quick in operation
Given for selling only one order.



U. S. ARMY
OUTFIT

A WONDERFUL
BOYS' PRIZE

Belt, holster and army Cap. Pe-
peater, cap pistol. Given for
selling only one order

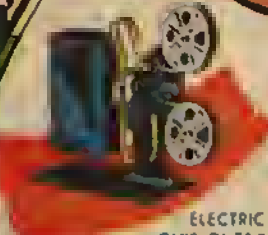
'CHEMCRAFT' CHEMISTRY SET. Hours
of instructive fun. Given for selling
only one order.



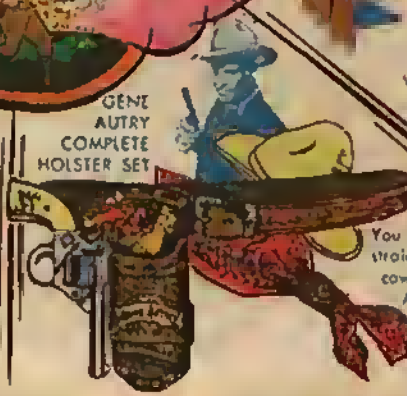
VICTORY WATCH & 10s
Newest type - watch with
track dial & red second
indicator. Sell only
one order



WRIST WATCH for boys,
girls, men & women. Giv-
en for selling only
one order, plus 75c
extra.



ELECTRIC
MOVIE OUTFIT
with film. Given for selling only one or-
der, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.



GENE
AUTRY
COMPLETE
HOLSTER SET

You can be a
straight shootin'
cowboy with this Gene
Autry holster, cap,
pistol, handkerchief and
hat. All given for selling
only one order of Xmas
Packs.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 733 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c
each, send you the money, and get my prize

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes
for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big
Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for sell-
ing 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes
require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends,
and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals
in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the
money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize
Catalog—tell us what prize you want, SEND NO MONEY—
WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 733 Lancaster, Pa.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

Given per plan in
our BIG PRIZE BOOK.
Complete Electric
Train Set
"Take Me Along"
Cass
Airplane Set
Ice Skates
G-Man Finger
Print Set
Ukulele
Family Bible
Sleepy Head Doll
Electric Lamp
Pen & Pencil Set
with Dictionary
Gene Autry Guitar